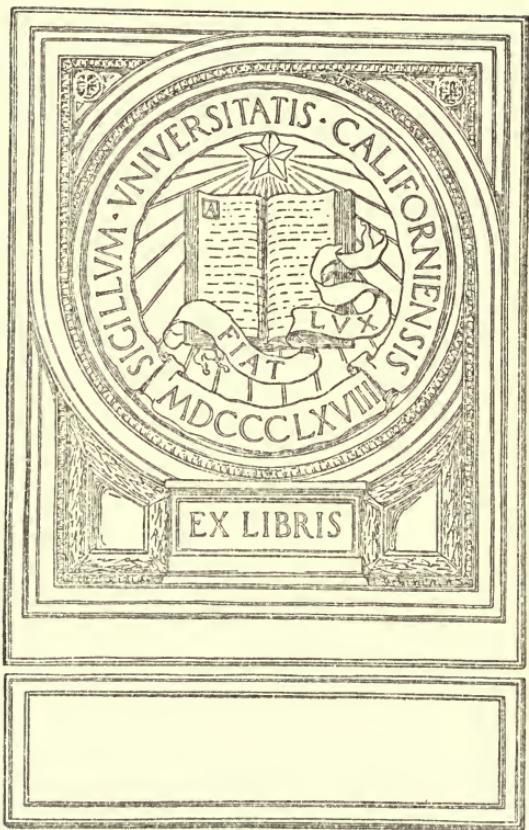


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Clara. S. Henry
from
Grandma



Laura A. Boies

Glen's Falls Oct 4th 1859.

RURAL RHYMES,

BY

LURA ANNA BOIES.

Also,

AN INTRODUCTION,

FROM

REV. JOSEPH E. KING.

He is the FREEMAN whom the TRUTH makes free,
And all are SLAVES besides _____
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of NATURE, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful SCENERY all his own.
His are the mountins, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers, his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to HEAVEN an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My FATHER MADE THEM ALL!"

COWPER.

SARATOGA SPRINGS:

STEAM PRESSES OF G. M. DAVISON.

1859.

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Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and
fifty-eight,
BY LURA ANNA BOIES,
in the Clerk's office of the U. S. District Court of the Northern District of New-York.

Mrs. Priscilla Walton.

TO

HON. WM. HAY,

OF

SARATOGA SPRINGS,

This Book

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY THE

AUTHORESS.

191809



by From Harriet.

INTRODUCTION.

THE rule of Architecture requiring a portico to correspond in style and proportions to the edifice to which it is both an entrance and an adornment, ought, perhaps, to apply to Introductions. It had been well, therefore, for the writer, had he duly pondered the delicacy of his task, before permitting a Teacher's pride and joy in a well-beloved pupil, to betray him into a promise of writing an introduction to this volume of Poems. As, however, the rudest lattice-work has, at times, sufficed for a support to the clinging tendrils of a flowering vine, grown up by the hospitable door of some fair rural cottage, while itself has been lost to sight in the luxuriant verdure of o'er-arching leaves; so may this plain portal to the festal bower of a fair daughter of the Muses deserve well of the entering guests, whom it shall introduce by the directest route, to a rare repast.

"God made the country—man, the town." Afar from the din and dust of the town, in a humble farm-house on the bank

of the noble Hudson, overlooking the site of old Fort Edward, the gentle spirit of LURA A. BOIES first saw the light. In this rural seclusion, from which she has been lured only far enough away, to lave her thirsting soul in the nearest fountain of Learning; here, under the tuition of holy Nature, with a few choice books and a few appreciative friends, has her young life glided sweetly on, to the music of her pure and loving thoughts, until all unconscious of the passing years, lo! she has reached the charmed threshold of early womanhood; and—stranger still—those uttered thoughts have grown to be a volume of poems! while her friends come around her, to demand their publication.

That, in brief, is the story of how this book came to be.

“God made the country.” Therefore it is that the poets, whose hearts, like the olden Bards, are fresh and simple, and susceptible to all pure inspirations, are they whose lives have been nearest to Nature. If, in this volume, there shall be less of Art than the professional critic may demand, there will, at least, be no bookish affectations. The ingenuous reader will not be tantalized with a display of verbal pyrotechnics, brilliant, but cold and cheerless; neither will any dramatic spasms or hysterical extravagances tempt the vitiated appetite of the worn and wicked worldling.

The transcendentalist will search in vain, through all the lines of our rural Poet, for that mysticism in which he delights to lose himself. Her men and women are all *human*, with real forms and dimensions, with beating hearts that can ache and be glad; and whose tears are *moist*. The children

of her verse are not starched into manikins or perched upon stilts, but are free-limbed boys and girls, that, at times, can prattle and romp; and, again in their moods, make us feel that "childhood is a holy thing," and nestling in our bosoms can lead us whither they will.

Every true heart will recognize in the healthful earnestness, the home-like tenderness and the sincere unselfishness of these poems, a most loving evangel to inspire pure and elevated thoughts, and prompt to noble and generous actions.

It is an unpretending feast, to which the reader is bidden. Wheaten cakes, browned by the honest kitchen fire-place, with ripe and juicy berries from the meadow, and cool spring water, bubbling fresh and pure from the hillside. The table is a patch of greensward, sheltered by a stately elm, on whose rugged trunk and spreading branches a wild grape has hung its verdant festoons, to soften the noontide rays, and to invite the summer-birds to linger with their happy songs, and build their nests. A few wild flowers, still wet with morning dew, alone adorn the rural table. Well, let the feast begin! Unostentatious as it is, many a weary heart shall rise up from the repast, refreshed, and go out from the sheltering elm with blessings upon the gentle giver. Such great-souled noblemen of Nature, as Bryant and Irving, shall feel their old age greener for a whole year, if they shall chance to sit, an hour, at this humble festive board. Here, mayhap, some Numa of state shall, in the interval of his heavy cares, find an "*Egeria in the woods*" which shall smooth the wrinkles from his brow, and inspire him to be a

stronger and a better man. And other vexed dignitaries may recognize in these sweet songs a tone kindred to that of

————— “the minstrel shepherd’s lyre
That exorcised Saul’s ennui.”

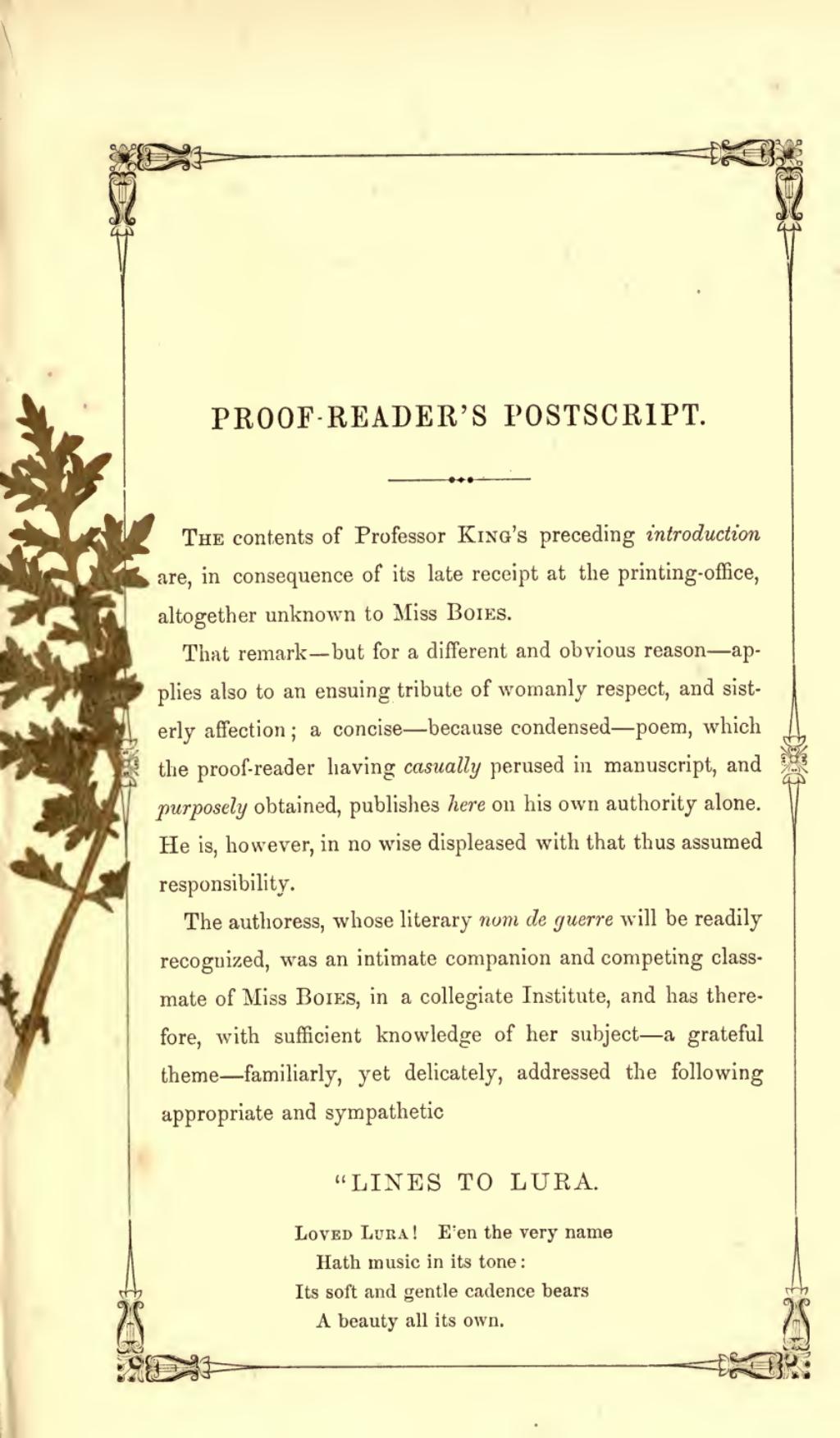
The shrinking Poet, like a timid fawn, not without many misgivings, trusts herself beyond the protecting obscurity of her native retreats. Let the presence of her friends reassure her. The success of her modest volume is not left entirely to the caprice of strangers. This first edition will be well nigh absorbed by the circle of private friends whom her school-girl rhymes, in the Institute chapel, and an occasional lyric in the village papers, near her home, had attracted; and who, by right of that friendship, will eagerly welcome this volume, and keep it as a precious souvenir, for themselves and their children.

May a kind Providence preserve the delicately wrought tabernacle—alas! too frail—of this gifted daughter of Poesy, that she who has sung so well, may long live to wake the echoes of this Muse-haunted valley, with her divinely attuned harp.

K.

FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE, N. Y. }

December, 1858. }



PROOF-READER'S POSTSCRIPT.

THE contents of Professor KING's preceding *introduction* are, in consequence of its late receipt at the printing-office, altogether unknown to Miss BOIES.

That remark—but for a different and obvious reason—applies also to an ensuing tribute of womanly respect, and sisterly affection; a concise—because condensed—poem, which the proof-reader having *casually* perused in manuscript, and *purposely* obtained, publishes *here* on his own authority alone. He is, however, in no wise displeased with that thus assumed responsibility.

The authoress, whose literary *nom de guerre* will be readily recognized, was an intimate companion and competing classmate of Miss BOIES, in a collegiate Institute, and has therefore, with sufficient knowledge of her subject—a grateful theme—familiarly, yet delicately, addressed the following appropriate and sympathetic

"LINES TO LURA.

LOVED LURA! E'en the very name
Hath music in its tone:
Its soft and gentle cadence bears
A beauty all its own.

Already, Fame hath twined her wreath
Around thy brow so fair,
And every coming year shall add,
Fresh leaves to cluster there.

And Time shall bring rich offerings
To lay upon thy shrine ;
For ever hath the world bowed down
Before such gifts as thine.

Thine is the power to touch, with skill,
The chords of every heart,—
To weave a spell around the soul,
With more than magic art.

To bring the finer feelings forth,
To thee the power is given ;
To raise the soul above this earth,
And fix the thoughts on Heaven.

Then warble on, fair poetess,—
Inspired with sacred fire,—
Till thou shalt strike a chord above,
Upon thy golden lyre.

CARRIE MAY."

Saratoga Springs.

CONTENTS.

TITLE, OR FIRST LINE, OF POEM.

	Page.
JANE McCREA,	17
The Sequel,	28
Little Children,	35
Earnest,	40
Fireside Angels,	44
Unwritten Poetry,	46
The Rain,	49
The Blind Bard of England,	52
The Spirit of Song,	57
Who are the Blest?	60
An Autumn Reverie,	62
Death,	64
Rural Life,	65
Water,	69
The Sabbath,	72
The Dying Infant,	73
A Skeleton in the National House,	74
The Cholera,	79
Little Hattie,	83
Peace, Be still,	86

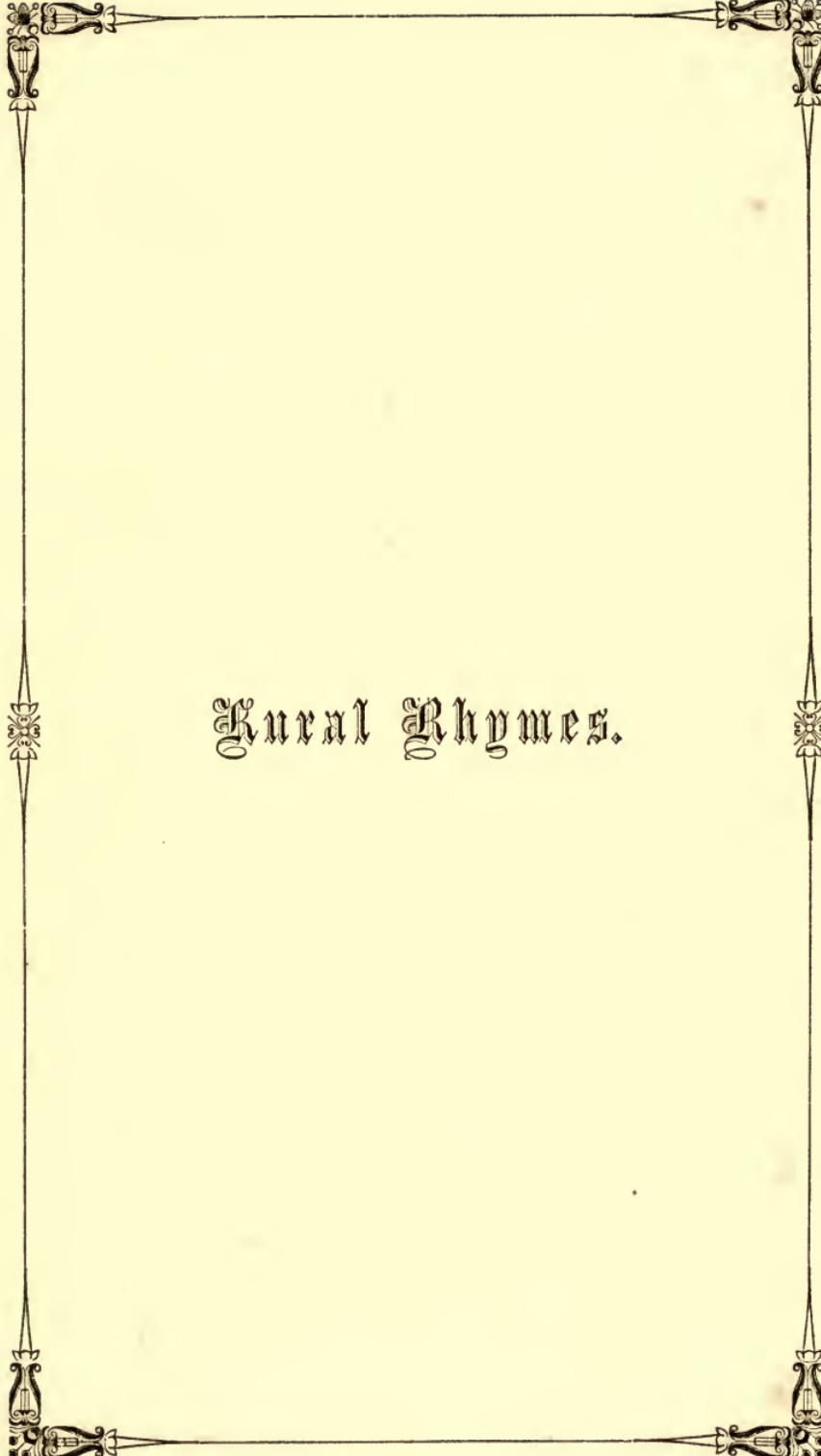
	Page.
The Bible,	87
My little Namesake,	89
Our Country,	91
Gone up Higher,	92
The Spirit,	97
Who would not die to live again ?	98
The Dream,	99
To the Stars,	101
Our Angel,	103
Earth's Triumph-Hours,	105
The Dead Child,	112
The Beautiful,	114
Twilight Musings,	115
The Divorced Wife,	116
The Dead Mother,	119
Child of Sunshine,	121
Gleanings from the Hours,	122
The Birds,	127
Origin of the Dew-Drops,	128
Pictures,	130
Angel Charlie,	132
Song to a Bird,	133
To-Day,	134
Beautiful to die,	136
Lines to an Invalid Sister,	137
Silent Cities,	138
Lines to J * * * *,	142
United,	144
Sea-Foam,	146
Our Band,	147
It is Nothing to Mé,	148

CONTENTS.

xiii

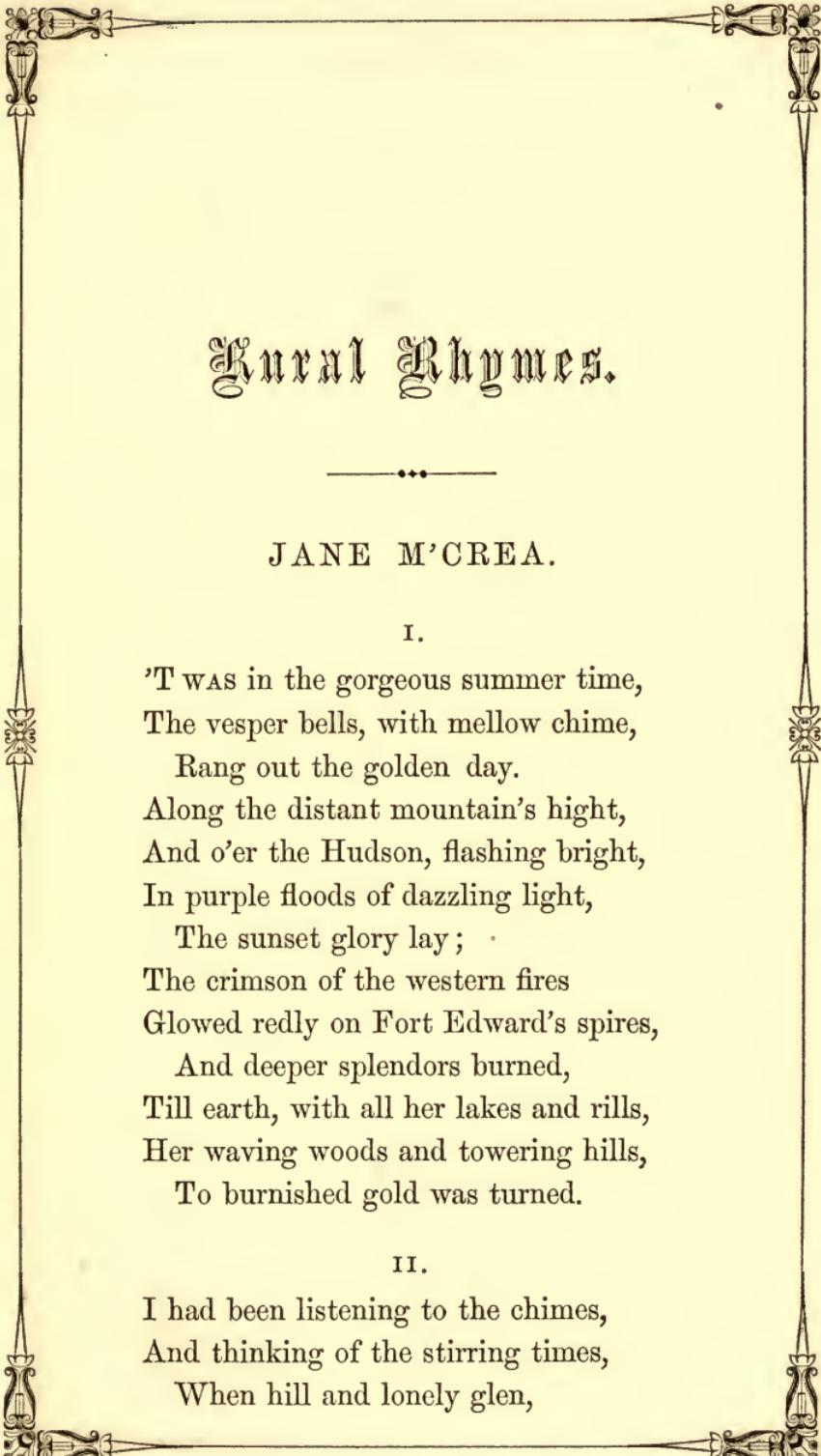
	Page.
Lights and Shades of Child-Life,	150
Baby Helen,	156
Life,	157
Love,	158
Epigram,	158
Friendship,	159
Sonnet—Spring Flowers,	160
To my Father,	161
The Law of Maine,	163
One Glass,	165
The Drunkard's Wife,	167
Temperance Stanzas,	170
We must fight the battle over,	172
The Temperance Jubilee,	173
"Half a Hundred Years Ago,"	175
Independence, (July 3d, 1858,)	182
To my Mother,	186
The Home of Washington,	188





Kural Rhymes.





Gurral Rhymes.

JANE M'CREA.

I.

'TWAS in the gorgeous summer time,
The vesper bells, with mellow chime,
 Rang out the golden day.
Along the distant mountain's hight,
And o'er the Hudson, flashing bright,
In purple floods of dazzling light,
 The sunset glory lay ;
The crimson of the western fires
Glowed redly on Fort Edward's spires,
 And deeper splendors burned,
Till earth, with all her lakes and rills,
Her waving woods and towering hills,
 To burnished gold was turned.

II.

I had been listening to the chimes,
And thinking of the stirring times,
 When hill and lonely glen,

Woke to the thunder tones of yore,
The sounds that rolled from shore to shore,
The deep-mouthed cannon's sullen roar,
 The tramp of mail-clad men ;
I had been thinking of the days,
When the fierce battle's lurid blaze,
 Hung like a fiery cloud,
O'er rock and river, wood and dell,
Where now the radiant sunset fell,
 And I had left the crowd,
And sought, with hushed and reverent tread,
That pleasant city of the dead,
 Where the wild wind harps play,
And pine trees wave and willows weep,
Above her in her dreamless sleep,
 The hapless Jane M'Crea.

III.

Silent, as if on holy ground,
I neared that angel-guarded mound,
 Where white wings viewless wave ;
An aged man, with hoary hair,
And rude scars on his forehead bare,
Was kneeling in the sunset there,
 Upon the maiden's grave.
Was it some risen chief I saw,
That o'er me came that breathless awe ?
 Was it some warrior bold ?
Whose hand had grasped the ringing steel,
Whose soul had thrilled to freedom's peal,
 In the wild strife of old ?

IV.

With sudden tears mine eyes grew dim,
Nearer I drew and questioned him
 Of all the storied past ;
Of the fierce days when roused our sires
 To the shrill trumpet's blast,
And the red light of battle fires
 Upon our free hills lay ;
I asked him of that green arcade,
Where gleamed the savage chieftain's blade,
I asked of her, the Scottish maid,
 The fated Jane M'Crea !

V.

Then did the veteran warrior speak,
And down his pale and furrowed cheek
 The hot tears glistening ran ;
Then with the old fire flashed his eye,
His trembling tones rose clear and high,
 And thus his tale began.

PART I.

I.

The booming guns of Lexington
Had roused the sire and gallant son,
And louder than the trumpet's clang
The notes of wild alarm rang,
The dawning light of Freedom's star,
Shone dimly in the skies afar,

Where veiled in the black night of war
The sun of Peace went down.
And by that faint and flickering glow,
The brave of heart, and broad of brow,
Had boldly sworn they would not bow
To England's regal crown.

II.

A thrill went through Columbia's soul,
An alien sound went o'er the sea,
Majestic as an anthem's roll,
The DECLARATION of the free !
Earth's startled millions wondering heard,
Britannia, to her proud heart stirred,
Hurled back the bold defiant word,
And drew, in wrath, her flaming sword,
Fiercely the hostile nations met,
And yonder sun in darkness set,
On many a fatal day ;
In scenes of blood and carnage dire,
'Mid hissing balls the gray haired sire
Fought with the youthful warrior's fire
In many a deadly fray ;
Still rose the red War's fiery form,
Still raged the furious battle's storm,
When Burgoyne's haughty hosts,
Breaking the waves with mighty sweep,
Came o'er the waters blue and deep,
And landed on our coasts.

III.

Clad in the battle's bright array,
With waving plumes and pennons gay,
And flaming banners spread,
And arms that in the sunlight glanced,
Forward the British ranks advanced
With slow and measured tread ;
Then rose a swift and rushing sound,
That woke the hills and shook the ground,
Then freemen fought and fell.
Then redder gushed the crimson flood,
Then was our land baptized in blood—
Of all the strife that followed then,
That thrilled the hearts of mighty men,
Ah me ! I may not tell !

IV.

The spirit of that warlike age
I feel its fire within me rage,
My bloom leaves, my old heart swells,
I feel it now, the evening bells
Ring out the dying day.
I hear the sound of martial strains,
I hear the war-horse neigh ;
I see the smoke of battle plains,
The swift blood courses through my veins,
I plunge into the fray.
I feel the scorching, burning blaze,
again those stirring days,
Days of Jane M'Crea !

PART II.

I.

'T was morning.—Rich and radiant dyes
Flamed in the gorgeous orient skies :
Draped in the purple of his throne
The royal sun resplendent shone.
The broad, blue Hudson blazing bright,
Glowed like a line of liquid light,
A wave of glory rippled o'er
The hills along the eastern shore,
And waving wood and fortress gray,
Blushing in rosy splendor lay,
Kissed by the red lips of the day,
And glittering spear and lances' gleam
Flashed back again the rising beam.

II.

On the broad lands beyond the wood,
Now bright with harvest sheaves,
The solid lines of Albion stood
Thick as the forest leaves ;
Hot haste and consternation then,
Spread through the ranks of our brave men,
A clear blast rang throughout the glen,
Louder than hunter's horn,
And the quick tramp of hurrying feet,
The drum's deep bass that rapid beat,
The gathering din of swift retreat,
Rose on the summer morn.

III.

From many a lowly woodland home
Went up the cry “The foe! they come!”
And warm young hearts grew faint with fear,
And little children clustered near,
 And blushing cheeks grew pale;
And many a form with noiseless glide
Stole to the gallant warrior’s side,
And fluttering garments, white and fair,
Were blent, in strange confusion there,
 With coats of burnished mail.

IV.

Aside, that morn, from all the crowd,
In earnest thought her young head bowed,
 The Scottish maiden stood,
With downcast face and lips apart,
A new joy thrilling in her heart,
That gave her cheek a warmer glow,
And brought unto its stainless snow
 The quick o’ermantling blood.
Thus stood she bound as by a spell,
 Oh, in that hour how wondrous fair!
Around her like a glory fell,
 The rich veil of her raven hair,
The fearless spirit throbbing high
Lit up her clear, calm ha’zel eye,
And lent the face bowed meekly there,
 A beauty such as angels wear.

V.

Oh, human love! what strength divine,
What strange mysterious power is thine;
It was thy light that inward shone
And bound her in its radiant zone;
It was thy low, melodious lay
That charmed her soul from earth away,
Till mindless of the outward din
She only heard the voice within,
And listened to the silver tone,
That whispered of the chosen one
To whom her plighted troth was given,
Who filled her deepest heart with heaven!
By thee, a willing captive led,
The maiden knew no secret dread,
Nor felt a boding fear;
Nor heard the Indian's stealthy tread,
Nor saw the danger near.

VI.

A sudden shriek, a piercing cry,
That seemed to rend the bending sky,
Went up that morn so shrill and high,
It made the sternest soldier start,
And chilled and froze the circling blood,
And sent it curdling to his heart,
That still with terror stood;
Then rose a wild demoniac yell,
A sound our brave men knew too well!

VII.

Each soul had felt the sickening fear,
Each hand had grasped the gleaming spear,
When on the air, distinct and clear,
The tramp of falling hoof drew near,
And with thin nostrils spreading wide,
The ringing spur plunged in his side,
With headlong fury rushing fast,
A foaming courser darted past.
Ha ! 't was the chieftain held the rein
And goaded on the steed amain,
And one, a gentle girl, was there,
With hazel eye and flowing hair ;
Grasped in his sinewy arm, and press'd
Rudely upon his brawny chest,
 The frail form helpless lay.
Alas for thee ! thou captured maid,
Oh that some hand thy doom had stayed,
 Thou fated Jane M'Crea !

VIII.

A voice went up from mighty men,
 A loud and stirring cry,
And the bold warrior shouted then,
 “ Mount ! to the rescue fly ! ”
They rose, a brave and gallant few,
And o'er the ground their swift steeds flew,
 Winged with the lightning's speed ;
Till in that green and shady dell,
Where the clear waters sparkling well,

Where towers the tall and stately pine,
And the light falls with softer shine,
The savage gave a fiercer yell,
 And reined his panting steed.
Forth from the leafy woodland shades,
 Leaped many a painted warrior's form,
And brightly glanced their murderous blades,
 And wildly rose the battle's storm.
Hot balls hissed through the summer sheen,
 And haughty plumes and crests bent low,
Then darker grew the fearful scene,
 And waves of blood surged to and fro.
Before the shower of fiery hail,
The chieftain saw his numbers fail,
With ire his swarthy cheek grew pale,
And turning from the fell strife there,
 He stood by her, the Scottish maid.
He seized her long and flowing hair,
 And o'er her gleamed his naked blade ;
And reeking with the tide of life,
Back flashed the long and glittering knife ;
A fiendish sneer upon his lip,
 A strange wild triumph in his eye,
The chieftain saw the red blood drip,
 And held the ghastly trophy high ;
Then round him drew his blanket-plaid,
And plunged into the forest shade.

I X.

The strong, stern man—the warrior true—
Felt in his eye the gathering dew,

When with hushed tread he nearer drew,
To the still form beneath the pine—
The maiden on the dewy green ;
For ne'er did morning sunlight shine
Upon a stranger, sadder scene.
The warm bright life-tide's crimson flow,
Dyed deep her graceful garments' snow,
And mingled with the waters clear,
That in the glad light sparkled near.

The heart that thrill'd to love before,
To love's soft strain would thrill no more ;
The light of her young life had fled,
Too well they knew that she was dead.
Yet better far, thus to have died,
Than to have been a tory's bride.

Now oft beside that cooling spring,
The little children shout and sing,
And in that sylvan dell,
Full many a form of maiden grace,
Treads lightly o'er the hallowed place,
Where she, the fated, fell.

On Saratoga's battle plains,
Where low the British standard lay,
The murdered maiden's gory stains,
In British blood were washed away.
The glory of that triumph day
Avenged the death of Jane M'Crea.

The old man paused ; the trembling tones
That woke the bright unconscious tear,
Sad as the low wind's music moans,
Died on my rapt and listening ear.
Then in that solemn evening time,
When vesper bells had ceased to chime,
And all the quiet air
Was hushed, as if this world of ours
Had closer clasped her trees and flowers,
And whispered peace through all her bowers,
And bowed her heart in prayer ;
A hush upon my reverent soul,
An awe that o'er my being stole,
Mournful I turned away,
And left the worn old soldier there,
His white locks streaming in the air,
The dew upon his forehead bare,
And left the consecrated ground,
Where holy memories cluster round,
The grave of Jane M'Crea.

T H E S E Q U E L.

He fell, the bold hero ! low lay the proud form
That braved the red wrath of the battle's wild storm,
When dark hung the cloud of the furious fray
O'er the fell heights of Bemis, they bore him away.

He spoke, and his heart for a moment beat high,
 The fire of his spirit flashed forth from his eye,
 "When the terrible voice of the conflict is still,
 Lay me down in the sunset to rest on the hill."*

They saw the fierce gleam of the battle light fade,
 And faint grew the roar of the fell cannonade,
 When the wing of the night fluttered down o'er the
 west,
 They laid the brave warrior away to his rest.

Proud day, Columbia, for thee,
 When upward soared thine eagle FREE !
 Proud day, when from the hills of strife
 The sullen war-cloud rolled away,
 And Triumph waved her peaceful wing
 Above the fell and fatal fray.
 Glad millions shouted then "TIS DONE!"
 And high hearts hailed the victory won,
 And clear the exulting strain,
 In one loud peal of lofty song,
 Went o'er the heaving main.

* "He (General Frazer) was asked if he had any request to make, to which he replied, that if General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried at 6 o'clock in the evening, on the top of a mountain;† in a redout which had been built there."‡—*Baroness de Reidesel's Narrative.*

† Bemis Heights.

‡ "Mr. Brudenell, (the chaplain who officiated at the funeral services,) afterwards stated that when the dying hero announced his desire to be buried in the redout, his eye, which had been dim, was momentarily lighted up with a falcon-like flashing, contrasting painfully with the countenance of spectral paleness. So strong in death, was the dominant passion—glory or fame."—*Extract from an unpublished narrative.*

Oh, there was grief and anguish then
In the bowed hearts of Albion's men,
And dark as night the wing of woe,
Brooded above the vanquished foe !
Not as when girded for the strife,
In the full flush of daring life,
With glowing hopes all vain,
Through the dim silence, hushed and still,
At sunset up the chosen hill,
Wound the slow funeral train.
Oh, not as marshaled for the field,
With burnished lance and gleaming shield,
And scarlet banners flame,
That stricken band of warriors brave
To the lone burial came ;
Nor yet, with death-flag's ebon wave
And sound of muffled drum,
As conquering heroes to the grave
Of martial glory come.
No plaintive dirge rose on the air,
No sable plumes drooped darkly there,
But with hushed hearts and mournful tread,
They bore away their gallant dead.

More awful than the battle's roll
The gloom that bowed each haughty soul,
And wilder was the storm within
Than the fierce conflict's raging din,
Where he, the hero, fell,
'Mid clash of arms and ring of steel,

And brazen trumpet's clarion peal,
And noise of bursting shell.

Hark ! from the hills a sudden sound
Trembles along the startled ground,
And slowly dies away—
'T is from the bosom of the free,
The mighty heart of victory
Throbs in that solemn, mourning gun,
And thus to Albion's fallen son
The brave their tribute pay.*

'T is beautiful, when those who met
In dire and dreadful strife, forget
Their hatred, dark and deep ;
And when the tide of life swells high,
Lay all their full rejoicing by,
To weep with those who weep !

Oh, grateful in that hour of woe
To those whose light had fled,
The homage of the conquering foe,
To him their noble dead !

* "The growing darkness added solemnity to the scene. Suddenly the irregular firing ceased, and the solemn voice of a single cannon, at measured intervals, boomed along the valley and awakened the repose of the hills. It was a minute-gun fired by the Americans in honor of the gallant dead. The moment information was given that the gathering at the redoubt was a funeral company, fulfilling amid imminent perils the last-breathed wishes of the noble Frazer, orders were given to withhold the cannonade with balls, and to render military homage to the fallen brave." [Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution*, p. 65, vol. 1.]

And many a stern heart's mute despair,
Was melted into softness there,
 And hot tears fell like rain,
O'er the bold soldier's coffined form,
 The gallant Frazer slain !

The night came down in silence grand
 Above the hero's grave ;
They turned away that mournful band—
 They left the sleeping brave
Far from his own, his native land,
 Beyond the deep blue wave,
And cloud and storm and gathering gloom,
 Were mourners at the warrior's tomb !

* * * *

'T was the wild eve of that dread day
 When Albion's haughty standard fell,
Red lightnings flashed above the slain,
 And thunders tolled a fearful knell.
The dying wail, the hollow groan
Blent strangely with the hoarse wind's moan,
And darkly o'er the fatal Hights
 Where cold the ghastly fallen slept,
Black clouds hung like a sable pall,
 And sad the pitying heavens wept.

Out in the deep night's starless gloom,
 Like a white angel in the storm,
Moved by her pure heart's deathless love,

Stole woman's frail and tender form.*
Above her burst the tempest's wrath,
And shadows gathered o'er her path,
And yet the hurtling, shrieking blast
Swept all unheeded by ;
For colder than the blinding rain,
The weary weight of grief and pain,
That on her soul did lie.
With falling tears her face grew damp,
A mist came o'er her clear, blue eye ;
Her love, her light, her spirit's pride,
He whose low voice had called her, *bride*,
Bound bleeding in the foeman's camp,
Had laid him down to die.

* When the wife of Major Ackland learned that her husband was wounded and a prisoner, she resolved to solicit of the enemy the favor of ministering to him, personally, in his affliction. The night she set out for the American camp was wild and stormy, rendering the voyage on the river extremely perilous.

General Burgoyne thus writes concerning the proposal of Lady Harriet to visit the camp of the enemy, which was submitted to his decision : " Though I was ready to believe that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only by want of rest, but, absolutely, want of food; drenched in rains for twelve hours together; that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might first fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. * * * * *

" Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship and danger, recollect that the subject of them was a woman; of the most tender and delicate frame; of the gentlest manners, and habituated to all the soft elegancies and refined enjoyments that attend high birth and fortune. Her mind alone was formed for such trials."

Oh, stronger in that awful hour,
And mightier than the strife,
Her tried affection's holy power,
That lofty inspiration gave,
And nerved with courage, calm and brave,
The true, high-hearted wife !
She in her fearless faith would seek
The proud, victorious foe,
The chilling grief that blanched her cheek,
To the stern hearts of men should speak :
The strong should bow before the weak,
And pity her wild woe.*
Her love the stricken one should bless,
Her lips the brow of pain should press,
By all her soul's deep tenderness,
She to her lord would go !

Down by the surging river's shore,
Lashed by the foaming spray,

* The following account of the devoted wife's reception at the American camp, is from the pen of Wilkinson: "About ten o'clock I was advised from the advanced guard on the river, that a batteau under a flag of truce had arrived from the enemy, with a lady on board, who bore a letter to General Gates from General Burgoyne. * * *

"The party on board the boat attracted the attention of the sentinel, and he had not hailed ten minutes before she struck the shore; the lady was immediately conveyed into the apartment of Major Dearborn, which had been cleared for her reception. The next morning when I visited the guard, before sunrise, her boat had put off and was floating down the stream to our camp, where General Gates, whose gallantry will not be denied, stood ready to receive her with all the tenderness and respect to which her rank and condition gave her a claim; indeed, the feminine figure, the benign aspect, and polished manners of this charming woman were alone sufficient to attract the sympathy of the most obdurate."

With spreading sail and waiting oar,
The frail boat ready lay—
And thither with light step and fleet,
Her fond heart winging her fast feet,
The brave wife bent her way.

A moment's pause, a brief space o'er,
And swift the light, careering barque,
Launched out upon the waters dark,
And closer round her shivering form,
Fell the cold mantle of the storm.

Oh, strengthened by the holy flame,
That glows within her breast,
And nerves with power her gentle frame,
When clouds come o'er her heaven fair,
What will not woman do and dare
For those her love hath blest !

LITTLE CHILDREN.

THERE is music, there is sunshine,
Where the little children dwell,
In the cottage, in the mansion,
In the hut or in the cell ;
There is music in their voices,
There is sunshine in their love,
And a joy forever round them,
Like a glory from above.

There's a laughter-loving spirit
Glancing from the soft blue eyes,
Flashing through the pearly tear-drops,
Changing like the summer skies ;
Lurking in each roguish dimple,
Nestling in each ringlet fair,
Over all the little child-face
Gleaming, glancing every where.

They will win our smiles and kisses,
By a thousand pleasant ways,
By the sweet bewitching beauty
Of their sunny, upward gaze ;
And we cannot help but love them,
When their young lips meet our own,
And the magic of their presence
Round about our hearts is thrown.

Little children ! yes, we love them
For their spirit's ceaseless flow,
For the joy that ever lingers
Where their bounding footsteps go ;
'T is the sunshine of their presence
Makes the lowly cottage fair,
And the palace is a prison
If no little one is there.

When they ask us curious questions,
In a sweet, confiding way,
We can only smile in wonder,
Hardly knowing what to say ;

As they sit in breathless silence,
Waiting for our kind replies,
What a world of mystic meaning
Dwells within the lifted eyes.

If, perchance, some passing shadow
Rests upon the little heart,
Then the pouting lip will quiver
And the silent tear will start ;
Yet 't is only for a moment,
Sunny smiles again will play,
At a tone or word of kindness,
Spoken in a pleasant way.

Now we see them meekly kneeling
In the quiet hour of prayer,
Now we hear their ringing laughter
Floating on the summer air ;
Breathing all the soul of music,
Soft it rises, clear it swells,
In its wild and thrilling gladness,
Sweeter than the chime of bells.

Hath this world of ours no angels ?
Do our dimly shaded eyes
Ne'er behold the seraph's glory
In its meek and lowly guise ?
Can we see the little children,
Ever beautiful and mild,
And again repeat the story,
Nothing but a little child ?

I have seen them watch the glory
Of the purple sunset sky,
All the soul's unuttered feeling
Beaming from the speaking eye ;
To my heart there came a rapture
Which the lifted face did bring,
And I thought, within my spirit,
Childhood is a holy thing.

When the soul, all faint and weary,
Falters in the upward way,
And the clouds around us gather,
Shutting out each starry ray ;
Then the merry voice of childhood
Seems a soft and soothing strain—
List we to its silvery cadence,
And our hearts grow glad again.

When they talk to us of Heaven,
How we listen, half in awe !
As if they some holy vision—
Some resplendent glory saw ;
For we know that they are better,
They are holier than we,
And they seem to us as angels,
Spotless in their purity.

Little children, are ye happy ?
Are ye never, never sad ?
Are your brows forever cloudless,
And your hearts forever glad ?

Is there light and joy forever,
Where your merry footsteps fall,
In the orchard, in the garden,
In the yard or in the hall?

Is there freedom in your laughter?
Is there gladness in your tones?
Is there sunlight in your child-hearts?
Tell me, O ye little ones!
Ah! we hear no whispered sorrow,
Breathing of the heart's unrest,
Well we know that ye are happy,
Well we know that ye are blest.

Oh! I wonder not the Saviour,
He, the beautiful, the meek,
To the precious little children,
Tender, loving words did speak.
'T is a pleasant thing to teach them
Unto him to bend the knee,
Since He spake the words of blessing,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Yea, of such is heaven's kingdom,
And if we would enter there,
We must seek the sinless garment
Which the little child doth wear.
Father, bless the little children,
Bless them every where they dwell—
In the palace, in the mansion,
In the hut or in the cell;

May the clouds of sin and sorrow
Never darken o'er their way,
And in heart may we be like them,
Pure and innocent as they.

EARNEST.

EARNEST ! 't is a little word,
Often spoken, often heard,
Written, printed, read and spelt,
Mighty only when 't is felt !
Earnest ! 't is the electric fire,
Kindled by the high desire,
Glowing solemnly and still,
Moulding all things to the will,
Soul of action, spring of thought,
Working miracles of nought,
Throwing years into an hour,
Volumes may not tell its power !

Student with the thoughtful brow,
Lighted by ambition's glow;
Toiling up the rugged steep,
Worn and weary, faint and weak,
Reaching after hidden things,
Wouldst thou soar on eagle-wings—
Wouldst thou scale the mountain's hight,

Bathe in the unclouded light,
See the secret fount unsealed,
Read the mystery revealed,
Earnest delving in the mine,
Where the gems of science shine,
Earnest seeking for the light,
That shall make the darkness bright
Earnestness to will and do,
Deep, resistless, strong and true—
This shall prove the master key,
Opening the way for thee,
This shall plant thy fainting feet
Where the crystal waters meet,
Gushing from Castalia's springs,
This shall lend thy spirit wings,
Throne thee in the sea of light
Streaming from the mountain's hight.

Poet, with the dreamy eye,
Born with aspirations high,
Wouldst thou weave the burning thought
Into strains with music fraught,
Binding with a mighty spell,
Wheresoe'er thy numbers swell,
Chaining e'en the idle throng,
Give thy soul unto thy song !
Poesy languished till it caught
Genius from the earnest thought—
Write in earnest, ye that write,
Let the heart the words indite ;

Write not for a sounding name,
Not for fortune, not for fame,
Write not for the things that be,
Write—but for eternity.

Statesman, with the tongue of flame,
Jealous of thy country's fame,
Wouldst thou wield the sword of might,
Plead in earnest for the right ;
Wouldst thou sway the breathless crowd
By thine inspiration bowed,
Earnestly and firmly speak ;
This shall flush the list'ner's cheek,
This shall fire the kindling eye,
Flashing back the soul's reply ;
This shall prove the wondrous charm
That shall error's hosts disarm,
Yea, each thrilling word shall then
Tell upon the hearts of men,
And thine earnestness shall be
Mind and strength and power to thee.

Christian ! 'mid the tempest's strife,
On the stormy sea of life,
Wouldst thou safely steer thy barque
O'er the waters deep and dark ;
Wouldst thou win the dazzling prize,
Veiled away from mortal eyes,
Earnest clinging to the cross,
When the angry billows toss,

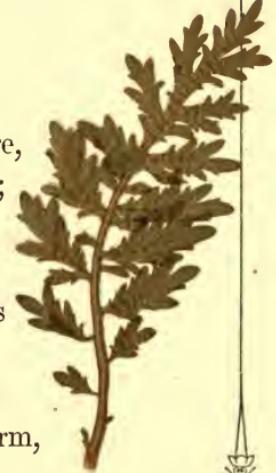
Earnest faith and earnest prayer,
Earnest will to do and bear,
These shall pave the way for thee
Unto immortality.

Pray in earnest, ye that pray,
Work in earnest while ye may ;
Very few shall wear the crown,
Who would lay their armor down ;
Very few shall win the day
Who are weary by the way !
Very few shall enter in,
Who have not in earnest been.

Earnest ! 't is a little word,
Often spoken, often heard,
Written, printed, read and spelt,
Mighty only when 't is felt !
'T is the earnest word that tells,
'T is the earnest stroke that fells,
'T is the earnest soul that 's strong,
'T is the earnest life that 's long ;
Soul of action, spring of thought,
Working miracles of nought,
Throwing years into an hour,
Volumes may not tell its power !

FIRESIDE ANGELS.

THE fireside is a holy place,
A consecrated spot,
We daily meet with angels here,
We see and know them not ;
It may be that a sister's form
Is but a seraph's guise,
An angel's soul may look on us
From out a mother's eyes.



We may not see the shining form,
Or hear the rustling wing,
Our angels may not sing the songs
That other angels sing ;
And we may daily kneel with them
And hear their fervent tone,
And never dream that we have bowed
With angels at the throne.

It may be that our watching eyes
Have missed one gentle face,
It may be that the firelight shines
Upon one vacant place ;
We hear again the low, sweet voice,
We feel her presence near,
And know 't was one of finer clay
That tarried with us here.

Perchance we marked the changing cheek,
The earnest, thrilling gaze,
We saw she was not as the rest,
And wondered at her ways:
We could not tell what made her so,
For she was always thus,
And so we said within our hearts,
She is but one of us.

A joy and yet a mystery,
She lingered by our side,
We saw her when her cheek grew pale,
We saw her when she died ;
And when they heaped the cold damp clods
Above her senseless breast,
We knew 't was one with shining wings
They laid away to rest.

It is the spirit of the skies,
The sweet and patient trust,
That forms a seraph of the clay,
An angel of the dust ;
And when we see a pale, meek brow,
A gentle, love-lit eye,
These doubting hearts of ours may know,
An angel passes by !

They come not to the homes of earth,
Clothed in immortal light,
No dazzling forms in floating robes
Burst on the raptured sight ;

With words of love and tenderness,
With meek and quiet mien,
They come to us as came of old
The lowly Nazarene.

Yet though our angels walk with us
Unheeded and unknown,
When God shall make His jewels up,
And seal them for His own,
Full many a lowly one of earth
Who walks in meekness here,
Shall drop the mantle of the dust
And shine an angel there !

UNWRITTEN POETRY.

A SILENT poem is a holy thing !
It hath a pure, unuttered, quiet joy,
An inborn music tremulous and low,
Breathing its bliss into the swelling heart
Until the soul grows hushed beneath the spell,
And the deep feeling finds no gushing voice,
To pour the burden of its rapture out.
The soul of poetry hath no home in words !
Creation's face is radiant with its seal,
The glad earth folds it to her thrilling heart,
The bending heavens drink in its wondrous light,
And the fair page of God's unwritten book,

Glowes into glory 'neath its kindling smile.
The gorgeous clouds are floating melodies,
The springing grass a waving harmony,
The sunshine is a song, the wind a strain,
The flowers are poems and the stars are hymns,
And the deep voice of Nature's blended choir
One grand majestic anthem.

Round us floats

The silent gladness of that wordless song,
And, like a bird, the chainless spirit soars
Away beyond the veiling clouds of earth,
Drinks in the music of the rolling spheres,
Scales the proud heights of Fancy's airy realm,
And revels in a bright enchanted world.

Then come the crowding thoughts, so deep with joy,
The being bows beneath their glorious weight,
And the full heart throbs with a new delight,
And strives to teach the lip a fitting voice,
To breathe its burden, so that all may feel.
Oh, say not poetry lives in pleasant sounds,
And ripples out its free melodious soul,
In the clear warble of a running rhyme !
There is a native chime and melody
In the sweet flow of silver singing words,
And the glad thought unfolded to the gaze,
The bright creation of the poet mind,
Hath much of beauty in its graceful guise
Of mellow sounds and numbers soft and low.
Yet these are but the living fountain's spray,
The sparkling foam upon the ocean's breast,

The dim revealing of the inner light
That throws a halo o'er a thing of joy,
And glorifies the beautiful of earth,
The words that glow upon the printed page,
That chain the eye and wake the answering thought,
Are as the shadow of the glory-light,
Circling the radiant heaven of the soul,
The far-off echo of the rapturous voice,
Forever singing in the poet's heart.

Oh, there are those within this world of ours,
To whom the very air grows tremulous
And quivers with the breath of song—and yet
They live, o'ershadow'd by the voiceless awe
That dares not speak ! Aye, many a soul hath thrill'd
To the low music swept from Poesy's harp,
And yet the lip was mute ! the silent seal
Was set and fixed upon the tongue of flame,
And the high spirit spurned the feeble words
That fain would chain and bind the burning thought,
And trusted rather to the kindling eye,
And flushing cheek, and glowing, speaking face,
To tell how deep, how eloquent a joy
Was gushing in the heart.

Oh, they are blest
Who find a glory where the dimmer eye
Sees nought of loveliness ! who weave of life
A song of sunshine and a psalm of praise,
Who gather music from the singing stars,

And bow the knee where'er the holy seal
Of Beauty's kiss is set ! Yea, they are blest
Though the rapt soul hath never told its joy,
Nor the sealed lip breathed out one thrilling tone,
That spoke the blessedness that reigned within !
The inner light shall purer, softer glow,
The inner music clearer, deeper swell,
Until beyond the shadowy land of Death,
The prisoned voice shall wake to melody,
And swell the chorus of the angels' song.
There the mute seal from the glad spirit loosed,
Shall melt away before the breath of God ;
There Poesy's soul, breathing its native air,
Shall drink the clear, eternal sunshine in,
And the hushed heart shall find a seraph-strain,
To hymn the rapture of its perfect praise !

THE RAIN.

LIKE a gentle joy descending,
To the earth a glory lending,
Comes the pleasant rain ;
Fairer now the flowers are growing,
Fresher now the winds are blowing,
Swifter now the streams are flowing,
Gladder waves the grain ;

Grove and forest, field and mountain,
Bathing in the crystal fountain,
Drinking in the inspiration,
Offer up a glad oblation
All around, about, above us,
Things we love and things that love us,
 Bless the gentle rain.

Children's voices now are ringing,
Some are shouting, some are singing,
 On the way to school ;
And the beaming eye shines brighter,
And the bounding pulse beats lighter,
As the little feet grow whiter,
 Paddling in the pool ;
O the rain ! it is a blessing,
Sweeter than the sun's caressing,
Softer, gentler—yea, in seeming,
Gladder than the sunlight gleaming,
To the children shouting, singing,
With the voices clear and ringing,
 Going to the school.

Beautiful, and still, and holy,
Like the spirit of the lowly,
 Comes the quiet rain ;
'T is a fount of joy, distilling,
And the lyre of earth is trilling,
With a music low and thrilling,
 Swelling to a strain ;

Nature opens wide her bosom,
Bursting buds begin to blossom,
To her very soul 't is stealing.
All the springs of life unsealing,
Singing stream and rushing river,
Drink it in and praise the Giver
Of the blessed rain.

Lo ! the clouds are slowly parting,
Sudden gleams of light are darting
Through the falling rain ;
Bluer now the sky is beaming,
Softer now the light is streaming,
With its shining fingers gleaming
'Mid the golden grain ;
Greener now the grass is springing,
Sweeter now the birds are singing,
Clearer now the shout is ringing,
Earth, the purified, rejoices
With her silver-sounding voices,
Sparkling, flashing like a prism,
In the beautiful baptism
Of the blessed rain.

THE BLIND BARD OF ENGLAND.

WHEN we unlatch the gate of dreams,
And step within the mystic land,
A floating halo round us streams,
And shadowy shapes, an airy band,
Go wandering through the spirit's aisles,
And gleams of light and sudden smiles
Too radiant for the waking gaze,
Flash through the dim and dreamy haze—
We sleep, we dream, another world
Unfolds unto the wondering mind,
Our eyes are shut, we cannot see,
Yet who shall say that we are blind ?

Milton ! a deeper, darker seal
Shut out from thee the holy light,
To thee the sun and stars were veiled,
To thee the noon was as the night !
The music of the morning bells
Was but the solemn vesper chime,
Nor summer's green, nor autumn's gold
Came with the rolling sounds of time ;
The tinted clouds, the stars, the flowers,
The gorgeous earth, the bending skies,
The glory of this world of ours,
Were shadowed from thy sightless eyes,

No ray of sunshine, pure and blest,
On thy benighted vision stole,
Yet shall we say that darkness swayed
Its sable scepter o'er thy soul ?
Were the black clouds of rayless night,
Pavilion of the god-like mind
That soared above the stars of heaven ?
Thou Bard of England, wert thou blind ?

Nay ! Milton only shut his eyes
And looked away to Paradise,
Just as when sleep, the holy thing,
Veils from our eyes the sunny gleams,
Folds o'er the heart its loving wing,
We look into the land of dreams.
What light from the celestial goal
Streamed down upon the poet's soul !
What radiance from the burning throne
Around him, like a glory, shone !
He soared unto the morning land,
Faith winged his flight, he could not doubt,
He saw the golden gates thrown back,
The angels going in and out—
The splendor of the shining streets,
The inner portals opened wide,
The pavement like a jasper sea,
The river's clear and crystal tide
That wanders 'mid the fadeless bowers,
And winding through the midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er the fair Elysian flowers—

He dared to lift the mystic veil
That shadows out the great unseen,
The spirit's glad, triumphant gaze,
Fell not before the dazzling sheen,
The eye of the immortal mind
Was never dim—was Milton blind ?

A thousand times more blind than he,
Are they who seeing, *never* see,
Whose eyes drink in the pleasant light,
Whose souls sit robed in starless night—
A thousand times more blest the seal
That shuts the sunlight from the blind,
Than the eternal, sunless cloud
That shrouds the vision of the mind !
Oh ! if the world be veiled away,
If sun, nor star, upon us shine,
If ne'er returns the dawning day,
Nor light of "human face divine,"
Yet, if the beatific seal
That shut the Bard of England's eyes,
Give unto us the quenchless ray
That beamed upon him from the skies ;
Yea, if the wondrous gift be ours
To talk with angels as with men,
To con the mystic lore of Heaven,
And write it with a flaming pen,
Like Milton's could the restless soul
Away its chafing fetters fling,
And in the pure, transparent sea

Of God's own glory bathe its wing,
And as he sung, oh could we sing,
Then blindness were a blessed thing !

Call him not blind, to whom 't was given
To soar away from earth to Heaven !

The splendor of the noon-day sun
Is dim unto the clearer light,
The holy flood that inward shone
And planted there a seraph's sight.

The lamp of God was in his soul,
And clouds and darkness fled away,
As melt the early morning mists,
Before the open eye of day.

He looked where others dared not look,
He saw, yet *not* as others see,
With Faith's clear eye he gazed away,

And pierced the clouds of mystery ;
When from the dazzling scene he turned,
The poet's soul within him burned,
The thrilling joy that silent came,
'Woke there a bright celestial flame,
The poetry of his master mind,

The native music, deep and strong,
Burst forth in one undying strain,
One rapturous tide of holy song.
Oh, not as others sing, he sung,
His lyre was as an angel's tongue !
He saw and told of things unseen,

Of highest Heaven, of deepest Hell,
Till wondering nations bowed entranced,
 Awed by the strange and solemn spell.
What high mysterious power was this,
 With daring hand to lift the screen,
And rend away the mystic veil,
 Between the seen and the unseen !
What wondrous skill, untold, divine,
 That bold and fearless pen had taught
To paint the mighty scenes of strife,
 Where devils with archangels fought !
Had one descended from the skies,
 A seraph in a mortal's guise ?
Had he laid off his shining robes,
 And mingled with them, as a man,
Who on the battle plains of Heaven,
 Had once with Gabriel led the van ?
Nay ! 't was the spirit of our God
 That breathed upon his soul the fire,
That thrilled his spirit's quivering chords,
 And woke the Bard of England's lyre !

Immortal Milton ! thou hast tuned
 Thy harp unto a nobler strain,
Yea, as of old, the master hand,
 Sweeps o'er the trembling strings again,
The soul's deep music, full and clear,
 Swells higher now, and yet *not here !*
Away beyond the arching skies

With Heaven's high minstrels thou dost bow,
The film has faded from thine eyes,
And face to face thou seest now,
No shadow veils the seraph-band,
There are no blind within that land,
Nor sun, nor star, nor noon, nor night,
Thou art with God, and "God is LIGHT."

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

It comes to me in the early day
When the bright clouds float on their morning way ;
It comes to me when the skies are fair,
And a bird-song swells on the summer air,
When the sunshine floats with a quivering smile
To the emerald heart of the forest aisle ;
It comes with its wealth of radiant dreams,
Nor the tint that glows, nor the light that gleams,
May bind my soul with so sweet a spell
As the Spirit of Song I love so well.

It comes to me when the red light plays,
And the bright waves blush in the sunset's blaze,
When the gorgeous glow of the clouds that lie,
Like an island group, in the dreamy sky,
Flashes softly down on the waters blue,
And wreathes a garland of glorious hue,

And a spell more bright than the flashing light,
And a wreath more fair than the cloud-wreath there,
It weaves for me, as it floats along,
The gushing voice of the Soul of Song.

It comes to me in the stilly night,
When the sky is clear and the stars are bright,
When the moonlight silvers the waving trees,
And a soft strain steals on the floating breeze,
When the beautiful heaven hath lost its flush,
And the air is still with a holy hush—
It comes to me and I know not why,
For my dreams grow bright and my heart swells high,
With a sudden joy and a new delight,
When it sings to me in the starry night.

O'er the golden chords of my spirit's lyre,
Its fingers sweep, and a music fire
Swells softly up from the trembling strings,
A note of the rapturous strain it brings,
And there comes a joy to my throbbing heart,
That forms of my being the purest part,
Till my soul grows glad with an unbreathed prayer,
And I kneel and utter its burden there,
When the star-light rests on the waters clear,
And none but the God of love is near.

It comes to me when the wild winds moan,
And my sad heart thrills with an answering tone,
It comes when the chime of a distant bell
Is borne on the air with a silvery swell,

When a rippling laugh and a merry shout,
And a gay glad voice, in their joy, ring out,
When the wind-harp plays 'mid the tasseled trees,
And their banners wave in the rustling breeze—
It comes to me but it stays not long,
The singing voice of the Soul of Song.

It breathes on my heart in the hour of prayer,
And wakens a heavenly music there ;
It shadows my soul with its shining wing
And whispers of many a beautiful thing ;
It sings a strain of the land afar
Where the Saviour dwells and the angels are,
A strain so blest that a thrilling smile
Rests softly down on my heart the while,
And a new light glows and a sunshine lives,
In the music sweet that the Spirit gives.

I may not tell why it comes to me,
'Tis a strange and beautiful mystery !
It hath wreathed a joy for the dream of life,
It hath stilled the storm, it hath hushed the strife :
Oh ! not for the wealth of the glittering mine,
Would I lose the light of its smile divine,
I would feel the hush of the angel's breath,
Till my brow grows damp with the dews of death,
Till the life-dream fades, with its mystic spell,
And the strains of a deeper music swell ;
I would hear it then 'mid the seraph-throng,
The glorious voice of the Soul of Song.

“WHO ARE THE BLEST?”

“Who are the blest?” said a little child,
A thing so fair that the angels smiled,
As he knelt him down, with an artless grace,
And a holy light on his meek, young face,
When the dreamy shades of the twilight dim
Had hushed his voice to a low, glad hymn,
And stilled the gush of his childish glee,
To say his prayer by his mother’s knee.

“Who are the blest?” and the earnest eyes,
In the tender glow of the twilight skies,
In the holy hush of that sabbath night,
Grew deeper still, with a wondrous light,
And he looked away through the pensive gloom,
That settled down o’er the cottage-room,
Till his glance beamed bright, with a strange unrest,
The yearning gaze of the early blest.

“The blest, my boy?” and the mother smiled,
And her heart went out to her sinless child,
And her eye grew dim and her voice grew low,
As she pushed the curls from his fair broad brow;
For she thought of his sweet and quiet ways,
And turned away from the questioning gaze,
And the answer fell from her lips apart,
“The blest, my boy, are the pure in heart!”

“The pure in heart!” and she bowed her head,
And very sweet were the words she said,
How the Saviour would love her precious child,
If he was pleasant and meek and mild,
And the waves of the crystal river of joy
Should flow to the heart of her own little boy—
Then his warm, soft cheek to her own she prest,
And told him a story about the blest.

Closer she folded the little one,
And talked to him long in a quiet tone,
Of the glorious light of the City of God,
Of the golden streets and the pavement broad,
Till the long lids drooped o'er the wondering eyes,
And shut out the light of their soft surprise,
And he slept on her bosom and dreamed the rest,
Of the beautiful story about the blest.

’Tis Sabbath eve—through the open door
The moonbeams fall on the cottage floor,
In the dreamy hush of the silver light
The mother is sitting alone to night!
Her meek heart bows as she lifts her eyes,
And looks away to the burning skies,
And a deep joy steals to her tranquil breast,
For the child she hath loved is with the blest.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

I LOVE the faint and dreamy haze,
That foldeth in the autumn days.

I wander from the Babel din,
And drink the mellow sunshine in.

It stills my throbbing heart's unrest,
A pleasant sadness fills my breast.

I sit beneath the rustling trees
And listen to the whispering breeze.

Half mournfully it talks to me,
Of all that was and will not be.

Through the dim years I look away,
I'm with my sisters now at play.

We're in the grand, old chestnut grove,
The place that most of all we love.

We're looking upward, one and all,
And at our feet the brown nuts fall.

We shout aloud, How beautiful !
And fill our tiny aprons full.

Upon the green grass, side by side,
The gathered store we now divide.

The grove rings with our laughter wild,
How sweet it is to be a child !

The spell is o'er—the dream has flown,
I'm sitting silent and alone.

Mine eyes are swimming now in tears,
I turn me from those olden years.

The faint air fans my glowing cheek ;
My heart is full—I cannot speak.

The rapture of that early bliss,
Fades in the solemn joy of this.

Unto the outer world I turn,
And holy lessons here I learn.

The crimson of these maple trees,
'T is like the flush of fell disease.

The withered leaves that downward fall,
They 'mind me of the shroud and pall.

The blue of these autumnal skies,
It makes me think of Paradise.

The glory of these autumn days,
It fills my thankful heart with praise.

I kneel me down upon the sod,
And pour it in the ear of God.

DEATH.

DEATH is the shutting of a flower,
The closing of a mournful hour,
The paling of a coral lip,
The hushing of a bounding step,
The dimming of a starry eye,
The sev'ring of a mystic tie,
The breaking of a brittle thread,
The robing for a narrow bed,
The bursting of the bonds of sin,
The going out, the entering in,
The ending of a fearful strife,
The dawning of immortal life !

Death is the interval between
The visible and the unseen—
The pale and mystic realm that lies
Between our world and Paradise.
Death is the triumph hour of all
Who wait to hear the Master's call,

The laying of the armor down,
The putting on the victor's crown,
The finale of the things that be,
The sunrise of eternity !
The ceasing of the tempter's sway,
The Christian's Coronation-day !

How blest, how beautiful, the faith
That falters not in view of Death !
That lifts the trembling, sinking soul,
And points it to the dazzling goal,
That throws a halo o'er the tomb,
And gives a glory to its gloom—
That looks beyond the threatening tide,
Sees Heaven's glad portals opening wide,
Sees the strong hand reached out to save,
Clasps it, and triumphs o'er the grave !
On the soul's altar glows the fire,
The heavenly hope, the high desire,
The pure, the bright, celestial flame,
That finds a life in Jesus' name.

RURAL LIFE.

Not in the princely palace home,
With stately walls and gilded dome,
Where, through the live-long summer day,
The glad sunshine is veiled away

Lest it should stream too clear and bright
For eyes that shun the blessed light,
And like the night-unfolding flowers,
Gleam only in the star-lit hours—
Not in the lofty halls of pride
Where music floats at even-tide,
Where gorgeous lights are softly streaming
And jewels flash and pearls are gleaming,
Where love finds speech in meaning glances
And low words breathe the heart's romances,
And song and revelry resound,
May peace, the spirit's gem, be found.

Out in the sunshine, where the flowers
Breathe perfume on the summer hours,
Where wood-bines wreath the cottage eaves,
And birds glance in and out the leaves ;
Out in God's great and glorious world
Where rise the everlasting hills,
Where broad, majestic rivers roll,
And grandeur all the being fills ;
Out in the country, where the soul
Holds converse high with Nature's God,
Scorns the vain world's unblest control,
And spurns it as the senseless clod ;
Here taught by every living thing,
By flowers that bloom and birds that sing,
By all around, about, above,
To glorify the God of love,

The soul expands, the heart beats high
And pleasure lights the kindling eye,
There breathes no sound of sin or strife,
And blessings crown the rural life.

What though no proud and costly dome
Towers o'er the farmer's rustic home,
What though his ample brow is tanned,
And brown and hard his honest hand,
The song of birds, the breath of flowers,
Make poetry of his toiling hours,
And when the golden sheaves are bound,
When song and sunshine fade away,
And full and clear the harvest moon
Shuts softly out the dying day ;
When night comes o'er the quiet skies
And stars light up the azure dome,
With peaceful heart and cheerful step,
He hies him to his happy home.
Young, bird-like voices, sweet and clear,
Breathe music on his list'ning ear,
He feels the soft and downy clasp
Of tiny arms around his neck,
A fragrant breath is on his brow
And close to his a velvet cheek.
Now seated 'mid his little throng,
His youngest prattler on his knee,
His other jewels clustered round,
What monarch is more blest than he !

Oh, ye who scorn the sons of toil,
The earnest, noble, mighty men,
Whose brown hands till the grateful soil,
Whose homes are in the vale and glen ;
Oh, ye who pass him proudly by,
Whose broad brow bears the seal divine,
Because, forsooth, he hath not bowed,
A worshipper at Fashion's shrine !
Go forth into the pleasant fields,
When early wakes the rosy morn,
When stars have set and sunrise gilds
The growing grain and rustling corn ;
Look o'er the fragrant, flowery meads,
Deep seas of living, waving green,
The glory of the harvest hills,
The valleys in the distance seen ;
And think ye 't was a lily hand
That till'd the broad and beauteous land ?
And think ye one of slender frame,
Of sneering lip and haughty brow,
Whose glory is a sounding name,
Whose dainty fingers spurn the plow,
Ere felt a joy more pure, more blest,
Than glows within the farmer's breast ?

O rural scenes ! O summer hours !
O sunny hill-sides starr'd with flowers !
O waving woodlands, crystal streams !
O bird-songs rippling wild and free !

Ye float around us in our dreams,
Ye weave of life a melody !
We call them blest whose pathway leads
O'er velvet lawns and waving meads,
Whose tent is pitched, whose bower is made
Out in the country's sylvan shade,
Whose pavement is the green glad earth,
Whose roof the sky we daily see,
Whose poems are the rocks and hills,
Whose music, Nature's minstrelsy !
Here taught by all around, above,
To glorify the God of love,
The soul expands, the heart beats high,
And pleasure lights the kindling eye,—
The spirit of repose comes by,—
There breathes no sound of sin or strife,
And blessings crown the rural life.

WATER.

THERE is gladness in the water,
Beautiful and cool and clear,
Welling from the heart of Nature,
For the peasant and the peer ;
Gleaming in the polished dipper,
Sparkling in the brimming glass,
Flashing in the pleasant sunshine,
Winding through the waving grass ;

Gushing from the breezy mountain,
Babbling down the sylvan dell,
Leaping from the crystal fountain,
Bubbling from the mossy well.

There is beauty in the water,
There is life and health and joy,
Beauty for the dark-eyed daughter,
Gladness for the red-cheeked boy ;
Springing step and graceful motion,
Wild and airy, free and light,
Glowing face and bounding pulses,
Dancing eyes forever bright,
It will give you, oh the water,
Bubbling beauty, gurgling joy !
Beauty for the dark-eyed daughter,
Gladness for the red-cheeked boy.

There is music in the water,
Music in its singing tide,
In its clear and crystal beauty,
Rippling down the mountain's side ;
There is music in its gushing,
There is rhythm in its flow,
Gliding through the quiet valleys,
With a murmur glad and low ;
In the meadows softly walking,
With its cool and blessed feet,
Through the forest softly talking
In a whisper hushed and sweet.

There is healing in the water
 Welling from the limpid spring
Stainless in its flowing freedom,
 Health and blessedness it brings ;
Tuning all the spirit's music
 To the gladness of its strains,
Sending back the purple life-tide,
 Bounding, circling through the veins.
Oh, the healing of the water,
 Fresh and sparkling from the spring !
'T is the soul of life and beauty,
 'T is a pure and blessed thing !

There is blessing in the water—
 Blessing in its silver flow,
Whispering through the waving woodlands,
 Where the tasseled birches grow ;
In the sunshine, in the shadow,
 Winding through the velvet grass,
In the large, old-fashioned dipper,
 In the dainty modern glass ;
Gushing from the breezy mountain,
 Singing down the sylvan dell,
Leaping from the crystal fountain,
 Bubbling from the mossy well.

THE SABBATH.

HAIL, blessed Sabbath ! season sweet
Of rest to weary mortals given,
When Christians kneel at Jesus' feet,
And all of earth seems lost in Heaven !

The children of the Saviour love
This holy, consecrated day,
A beacon from the land above,
To guide them in the narrow way.

The bells have rung, and gently now
The voice of prayer ascends on high,
Scarce uttered—yet though soft and low,
Borne up beyond the deep blue sky.

A tranquil awe—a silence deep—
Reigns in its blessedness abroad ;
The great world's strife is hushed to sleep,
And millions bow to worship God.

O solemn Sabbath ! who shall dare
Profane thy soul-subduing rest ?
Mock at the songs of praise and prayer,
Or scorn the glory of the blest !

The breathings of the “still, small voice”
Seem speaking to the peaceful soul,
Of the fair land where saints rejoice,
And endless Sabbaths onward roll.

God of the Sabbath ! while we kneel
With lowly hearts before Thy throne,
Thyself, in pard'ning love, reveal,
And kindly seal us all thine own !

THE DYING INFANT.

How still it lies ! how calm its sweet repose !
How gently now the weary eyelids close !
How faintly beats the little fluttering heart !
The sinless spirit struggles to depart.
The death-light quivers o'er the baby brow,
And paler grows its polished whiteness now.
The life-light fades from out the azure eyes,
Mild as the blue of fair Italia's skies.
Hush ! softer, fainter falls the feeble breath,
Ah ! thou art near, thou cruel victor, DEATH !

Now all is o'er ! the gentle babe is dead—
Cold, cold it lies, the spark of life hath fled ;
The little heart is still and pulseless now,
The soft bright curls upon the cherub brow,
That shames the whiteness of his snowy shroud,
Rest like the sunlight on a silver cloud ;
The tiny hands are folded on his breast,
And calmly now the little one doth rest,
As when in life those starry eyes did close,
To dream away the hours of long repose.

Sleep on, sweet babe ! no more thou 'lt wake to life,
For thee hath ceased earth's sad and weary strife,
For thec, bright one, its loveliness hath fled,
And thou art numbered with the silent dead !
Thy life was short, yet gentle as the flower
That blooms to wither in one fleeting hour ;
Thou wert a bud too fair to nestle here,
A lamb from out the Saviour's fold, too dear
To stray from Him, in this cold world to roam,
His eye was on thee, and He called thee home.

A SKELETON IN THE NATIONAL
HOUSE.

WHEN England set her daring foot
Unbidden on our strand,
And darkling clouds, in gathering gloom,
Hung o'er our cherished land ;
When rose the loud, alarum cry,
That woke a nation's rest,
And roused the bright, immortal spark
Within the freeman's breast ;

The spirit of our fathers burned,
The flaming tide swelled high,
They pledged, by all that 's pure, their faith,
To conquer, or to die !

And when the trumpet's stirring peal
Woke hill and mountain glen,
Forth from the field and forest came
A host of mighty men.

The ploughboy girded on his sword,
And left his song unsung,
The music of the woodman's axe
Grew silent where it rung ;
And from a thousand humble homes
Went up frail woman's prayer,
As fiery-hearted youth went forth
With men of hoary hair.

Then rose the sound of clashing arms
From many a blood-red field,
And warmly down the sunlight flashed
On glittering spear and shield ;
The waters of our lakes and rills
Were dyed with crimson stains,
The battle-cloud was on our hills,
Its smoke above our plains.

The Foeman's track was on our shores,
His white sails on our seas,
And Albion's flaming standard waved
Triumphant in the breeze.
The black cloud darkened o'er our land,
And fiercer grew the strife,
While from a hundred battle plains
Smoked the red tide of life.

O Freedom ! 't was thy deathless love
That thrilled the warrior's soul,
That nerved with strength his failing arm
And pointed to the goal.
And when the serried ranks grew thin
Before the driving shot,
A new fire lit his flashing eye,
His strong faith wavered not.

A sudden glory shone around
The brow of Washington,
And clouds and darkness rolled away
As mist before the sun.
Up from the hills there rose a shout
That made the welkin ring,
And our own eagle soared on high,
A free and chainless thing.

Forth from the red, baptismal sea
Our virgin nation rose,
No shadow on her stainless soul,
As pure as mountain snows ;
The glory of a million lips,
The boast of Liberty,
The wonder of a gazing world,
The watchword of the FREE !

O Freedom ! thing so dearly bought !
Thou wert—but thou art not ;
There festers in our country's heart
A loathsome canker spot.

And to our burning cheek there comes
The crimson flush of shame,
Since we, who call our nation free,
But mock thy sacred name !

Beneath our very stars and stripes,
Where sits our stately bird,
The cruel sound of falling lash
And answering shriek is heard.
Aye, on the storied fields of eld,
The consecrated plains,
Where Marion led his gallant hosts,
Is heard the clank of chains !

We glory in our equal rights,
We boast our righteous laws,
We shout until the vaulted skies
Ring with our loud huzzas ;
And yet, within this lovely land,
Where song and shout resound,
Goes up to Heaven the mournful wail
Of bleeding brothers bound.

Beneath the warm skies of the South,
Where groves of citron wave,
And spicy breezes fan the brow,
They scourge the fettered slave.
Wider the awful shadow spreads,
In vain we cry Forbear !
And tremble lest the demon's breath
Should taint our northern air.

We groan beneath no tyrant's yoke,
We fear no foreign foe,
With our own fingers we have sown
The seed of future woe ;
A million hearts send up the prayer,
Avenge the hated wrong !
A million voices lift the cry,
How long ! O Lord ! how long !

O Slavery ! thy blighting curse
Hath sullied our fair fame,
The glory of our land is dimmed,
A stain is on our name ;
Oppression's iron heel profanes
The soil our fathers trod,
Our nation's burning sin invokes
The fearful wrath of God.

Father, we bow low in the dust,
We lift our hearts to thee,
Strike from the slave his galling chains,
And set the captive free !
Tear down this false, unholy shrine
And let an altar rise,
Where Freedom's sacred fire shall burn,
Eternal to the skies !

THE CHOLERA.

Lo ! on the breeze is borne a mournful strain,
A phantom dread hath crossed the heaving main,
A strange, dark cloud hath shadowed our fair land !
The severed group, the broken household band,
The lonely home, the desolated hearth,
Where late was heard the voice of song and mirth ;
The ghastly corpse, the hearse, the bier, the pall,
The grave-like stillness brooding over all ;
The tolling bell, the heart's unuttered woe,
These mark the coming of the dreaded foe !
Strange words are whispered—how they chill the
heart !

Young lips grow white and fair forms shuddering
start ;

From palace halls and mansions dark and lone,
Goes wildly up one deep, sepulchral groan ;
Glad tones are stilled, cheeks pale with boding fear,
The fearful scourge, the pestilence is near !

O'er the gay city broods a mournful gloom,
From the wide shadow of the yawning tomb !
Silence is in her courts : the ceaseless strife,
The giddy whirl, the circling tides of life,
Have known a hush ; the lone, deserted street
Echoes no more with tramp of hurrying feet ;
A heavy pall each silent walk doth shroud,
Where lately thronged the busy, bustling crowd ;

At Fashion's shrine young knees no longer bow,
And Pleasure's haunts are sad and cheerless now.
When the calm night unfolds her starry wing,
And the pale moon shines forth a holy thing,
Knees lowly bend that never knelt before,
And song and revelry are heard no more.
Music hath lost its wild, "voluptuous swell,"
The mystic dance its fascinating spell ;
And beauty threads no more the 'wilderling maze,
'Mid flashing lights and jewels' gorgeous blaze.

Now the fond mother bends above her child,
And calls upon her God in accents wild,
The cherub, smiling in his cradle bed,
Hath felt the touch of Death ; the color fled
From the warm softness of the rounded cheek,
A tale of voiceless agony doth speak
To her who kneels beside the stricken form,
And bows in anguish to the fearful storm.
Close to her breast she folds the writhing frame,
Kisses the lips that strive to lisp her name ;
Her heart grows sick, her faltering strength grows
weak,
A sudden paleness settles on her cheek,
The cold sweat gathers on her death-struck brow,
And livid shadows chill its whiteness now.
No earthly aid, no human arm may save,
And child and mother find one common grave !
Is there no power to stay the pending doom ?
No might to lock the portals of the tomb ?

O'er our fair country must the deluge sweep,
And leave the soul in loneliness to weep ?
From the crushed heart goes up the piercing cry,
As if 't would rend the calm, unheeding sky.
Father of mercies, stay the avenging hand,
And spare the altars of our stricken land !

Dare we lift up our hearts in holy prayer,
And call on God in pitying love to spare ?
Is there no blush upon our nation's soul ?
O'er her fair spirit hath no shadow stole ?
Have we not cherished in our land a foe
That brings a darker, direr, deadlier woe ?
Is there no plague-spot on our nation's creed,
Than e'en the blighting pestilence more dread ?
A blot so foul, a stain with sin so deep,
That o'er its blackness angels e'en might weep !
Go ask thy brother, writhing 'neath his chains,
His warm flesh quivering, dyed with crimson stains,
Fears he the shadow of the awful cloud
That wraps the mansions of the great and proud ?
Is life to him a sweet and pleasant thing
To which his heart in anxious hope doth cling ?
Nay ! well we know the cold and joyless grave,
In all its gloom, is welcome to the **SLAVE**.
By the new light within his sullen eye,
We know the captive deems it blest to die.
Go ask the victim of the withering blight
That shrouds the soul in one eternal night,
He who hath looked upon the ruby wine,

And bartered all that maketh man divine !
Will he not tell thee of a deeper woe
Than e'en the stricken, death-chilled heart may
know ?

Mark well the bloodless cheek and sunken eye—
Who bid him lay his noble manhood by ?
Weep o'er the wreck and mourn the bitter cause,
Ye who profess to give us righteous laws.
'T was ye who sanctioned the unholy creed,
That worked the ruin, wrought the fearful deed.

Father, we bow beneath the chast'ning rod,
Our proud hearts yield, we own once more our God ;
With spirits humbled even to the dust,
We bless Thee now, and own Thy wrath as just.
Forth from the fiery furnace, purged and tried,
A nation blest, a nation purified,
With contrite heart and lowly bended knee,
Father of mercies now we come to Thee !
Oh, stay the curse ! withdraw the mighty hand,
And smile once more upon our stricken land !

LITTLE HATTIE.

THEY have told thee she must die, mother,
When the summer roses bloom,
They will lay her sadly, gently down,
In the cold and silent tomb.

There is sorrow on thy brow, mother,
And a tear is in thine eye,
For thy heart is very sad to think
That thy little one must die.

By the angel seal that's stamped, mother,
On the baby's sinless brow,
By the earnest light in the starry eyes,
That are resting on thee now:

We know she may not stay, mother,
Through the long bright summer-hours,
Aye, we know that thou wilt miss her soon,
From thy band of infant flowers.

When thy sweet-voiced, warbling bird, mother,
Came fluttering to thy breast,
Like a doveling to its own soft home,
Like a wanderer to its rest:

There was joy in every heart, mother,
There was light in every eye,

For ye dreamed not that so fair a thing,
In its loveliness, would die.

When the lisping voice is hushed, mother,
And the cherub-brow is cold,
When the little heart lies calm and still,
'Neath the death-robe's snowy fold :

When they lay thy babe to rest, mother,
In the grave so lone and drear,
And the sorrow-cloud droops darkly down,
O'er the hearts that loved her here :

Thou wilt feel her warm, sweet breath, mother,
Falling lightly on thy cheek,
And the loving little arms again,
Will be twined around thy neck.

Thou wilt fold her to thy heart, mother,
As in sunny days gone by,
Ere the home wreath miss'd a tiny flower,
Or the death-cloud lingered nigh.

But the lovely dream will fade, mother,
And the silent tear will fall ;
For thy little one may wake no more
To thy fond and loving call.

When the merry shout is heard, mother,
And the laugh rings wild and free,
Thou wilt turn away in speechless grief,
They will bring no joy to thee !

Thou wilt miss a fairy form, mother,
From the joyous household band,
And the softest little star of all,
Will shine in the better land.

Thou wilt miss the earnest gaze, mother,
Of the eyes so blue and mild,
And thy heart will yearn with longings vain,
For thy gentle, Christ-like child !

I know not why it is, mother,
That the things we love the most,
Like the fairest flowers, are sure to fade,
And the loved are soonest lost.

She is but a jewel lent, mother,
The gem so soft and fair,
Is a borrowed one from Paradise,
And we know 't is wanted there.

In the land above the stars, mother,
Little Hattie soon will rest,
She will slumber very sweetly there,
On the loving Saviour's breast.

The glories of that radiant sky,
Will forever round her shine,
And her tears will all be wiped away,
By a gentler hand than thine.

Perchance long years of woe, mother,
May be spared thy cherish'd one ;
For our Father sees not as we see :
His will, not ours, be done !

PEACE, BE STILL.

WHEN the Saviour's "Peace, be still,"
Hushed the waves of Galilee,
And a calm stole, like a thrill,
O'er the dark and surging sea ;
When the winds and waters slept,
Cradled in the arms of Power,
There was rapture in each heart—
There was blessing in the hour.

Mortal, when the waves of life,
Like the angry billows, roll,
And the clouds of doubt and strife
Droop, in darkness, o'er the soul—
Cling unto the cross of Christ,
Bow, in meekness, to His will ;
He will hush thy heart's unrest,
He will whisper, "Peace, be still."

THE BIBLE.

READ it not lightly—sacred glories shine
On every page of the eternal book,
And visions bright, and mysteries divine,
Are here revealed to those who humbly look,
And pray for God's own Spirit while they read,
To give them light—light that to Him shall lead.

Read it not lightly, ye who gaily tread
The halls where Fashion holds her princely sway ;
The path between the living and the dead,
Is but a narrow and a darksome way.
Read it not lightly—it will guide thee o'er
The waves that swell to the eternal shore !

Read it not lightly, mourner, who hast seen
The life-light fading from the eye of love,
The death-damp resting on the brow serene,
And the soul longing for its home above,
And groped in darkness 'neath the cloudless sun
That lit the heaven of the dying one.

Read it not lightly, for the voice of God
Will bring a rapture all unknown before,
And the high soul shall spurn the senseless clod,
And lift its longings to that peaceful shore,
Where grief comes not, nor Death's pale shade, nor tears,
Where joys eternal gild the rolling years.

Read it not lightly—'t is a lamp from Heaven
To light the glowing fires of Love and Faith,
To point the soul, by waves of sorrow driven,
To the fair land beyond the shades of Death !
Oh, let the still, small voice of God be heard,
Whose inspiration stamps each burning word !

Read it not lightly—when the stars shall fall,
And shining suns from their high homes be hurled,
The Christian's hope, triumphant over all,
Shall stand unshaken 'mid "the crush of worlds,"
And the freed soul shall rise supremely blest,
And claim the promise of an endless rest.

Read it not lightly—earth shall pass away,
And the fair heavens melt with fervent heat,
Yet 'mid the ruins of that awful day,
When waves of flame with lurid waves shall meet,
God's holy Word, the eternal Truth, shall stand,
Firm, as when written by the inspired hand.

MY LITTLE NAMESAKE.

SHE 's a dainty, blue-eyed girl
Made of finest mould,
Lips of rose and teeth of pearl,
Hair of paly gold ;
Making olden hearts rejoice
With her tiny, warbling voice,
Gladder than a singing bird's,
Lispings sweet, half-uttered words,
Telling out her baby glee,
Oh ! a precious thing is she,
A lass of the fold !

With a hand uncertain fall,
In sight of sweet,
Pattering through the pleasant hall,
Come the busy feet !

Mum ! I 'm sole for our pet,
Lest she prove a sad conjecte ;
For she treateth daintly,
Deigning not to notice me—

Ah ! I have the little filly
From her lips I snatch a kiss,
Is it not a treat !

Clingingly around my neck
Now the white arms twine,

Lovingly her downy cheek,
Nestles close to mine ;
In her glee she presses now,
Playful kisses on my brow,
Oh, the warmth of her caress
Melts my soul to tenderness ;
For the love of such a child,
All untainted, undefiled,
Is a thing divine !

Closer now the tiny form
To my heart I hold,
Thus forever from the storm,
From the chilling cold,
I would shield this gentle dove ;
For the pleading look of love
In the baby eyes of blue,
Brings to mine the gathering dew.
Holy as the angels be,
In her sinlessness is she,
Pet lamb of the fold !

OUR COUNTRY.

WRITTEN JULY 4TH, 1850.

OUR country, we love thee ! we love thy green hills,
Thy wide, rolling rivers, and clear rippling rills,
Thy rich summer sunsets, the gay, gorgeous dyes,
That blend with the blue of the radiant skies,
Thy dark, waving forests, thy fair, virgin soil,
Where the harvest grows ripe for the husbandman's toil,
Thy cloud-circled mountains, and broad arching' sky,
Thy glorious banner, reared proudly on high !

Hail ! hail ! to the standard that gracefully waves,
O'er the tombs of our fathers—the time-honor'd graves,
Where sleep the immortal, the heroes of yore,
Who banished the foe from our beautiful shore !
Had the brave-hearted yielded, O England ! to thee,
Would the blue welkin ring with the songs of the free ?
The voice of Oppression, the clank of her chain,
And the low wail of Erin come over the main.

Oh, let us unite in one prayer for our land,
That the glorious temple of Freedom may stand,
That our own peerless eagle may lift its proud wing,
Unscathed and unshackled—a fetterless thing,
That the boom of the cannon, the shout loud and long,
O loved Independence ! may blend with thy song—
That our beautiful banner triumphant may wave,
O'er lovely Columbia, land of the brave !

GONE UP HIGHER.

A Tribute to the memory of HIRAM S. POMEROY, who died at Fort Edward Institute, the 8th of May, 1855.

THE hush of Death hath been upon our hearts !
The still deep hush, the mournful, solemn awe,
Yea, it hath been with us, and we have wept !
Ours was a perfect chain—no link was gone
To note the entrance of the dreaded foe,
And at the morning sacrifice 't was blest,
'T was beautiful, to bow before the throne,
And thank our Father for the tender love
That yet preserved us all. We saw not then
The shadow of the dark and viewless wing
That hovered o'er us, and as thus we met
Unsevered, our full hearts gave praise to God,
And, with a child-like trust, we dared to hope
It might thus ever be, that we in peace -
Might thus together dwell a love-united band.

The days and weeks past on ! The spring-time came
With dreamy skies and sunsets soft, and clouds
That lay like islands in a tranquil sea,
With singing streams, and flash of waters bright,
With springing flowers, and melody of birds,
And all the voices sweet that thrill the soul,
And make the young heart glad. Then came a change—
And one with pure, broad brow and open gaze,

Whose soul was filled with melody, whose heart
Was tuned to love—one with a gay, glad voice,
The music of an aged father's soul,
A smile the sunshine of a mother's heart,
One with the spirit pure and meek of Him,
The Father's lowly Son, drooped suddenly,
And mournfully the word came to our ears,
That he would die !

In the first flush of youth
When the clear eye had learned a deeper light
From high communion with the Soul of thought,
And the glad face was eloquent with bliss,
When life was radiant with a thousand charms,
And the warm heart swelled high with glowing hope,
And brilliant dreams had wreathed a syren spell
With which to bind the future—must he die ?

Oh, there were sighs and tears, and the wrung hearts
Of those who watched above the dying one,
And saw the shadows stealing o'er his face,
And knew the silver cord must soon be loosed,
Were bowed in agony of prayer to Him
Whose breath alone might raise the suff'rer up ;
That if it were His will, the cup might pass.
In the deep silence of the holy night,
When the still stars looked down with angel eyes,
When earth had lulled her weary heart to rest,
And all was hushed and fair, the summons came !
O'er the loved form an aged father bent,
And who may tell the woe, too deep for tears,
That settled down upon his stricken soul,

As, in its mournfulness, the truth would come,
That Death was near ! Yea, near to hush the voice
Whose sound was music to his list'ning ears,
To pale the brow, to still the throbbing heart,
To chill and freeze the circling tide of life,
To steal the sunshine of his soul away,
And veil it in the grave !

She too was there—
She who had taught the childish knees to bend,
And the low voice to lisp the name of Jesus !
When in the beauty of his boyhood's years,
Her lips had breathed the story of the cross,
And she had talked of Him, the Crucified ;
Until her voice grew tremulous and low.
Perchance as she had marked the earnest gaze,
The troubled, thoughtful look, the silent tear,
Stealing unbidden down the lifted face,
And watched the dawning of each infant thought,
A voice had whispered to her heart, that he,
The child she loved, should sound the gospel trump,
And spread the tidings of great peace and joy.
Perchance her soul, in its deep love, had yearned
To see her boy go forth, his armor on,
And girded for the great and fearful strife,
With the high seal of God upon his brow,
A flaming herald of the cross of Christ !

'T was but a dream—a vision of the soul
Cherished and beautiful, held in her heart
With the deep joy a mother's heart may know,
Yet born to pass away, pencil'd to fade.

And now the mother felt that he must die !
Yet there is balm for even wounds like these ;
Life knows no grief the Saviour may not heal.
The mourner leaned not on a broken reed ;
And in that hour of deep and voiceless woe,
The stricken soul drew nearer to the throne,
And the pierc'd heart found strength and grace to say,
Thy will, O God, be done !

Glory was there !

Yea, glory in the heart of him that died,
And glory on his face, and in his words,
As the rapt soul looked up, with faith's clear eye,
And gathered, from the dawning light of Heaven,
A gleam, so blest, of that celestial land—
A new-born joy, so fraught with love divine,
That e'en the trembling strings of life must break !
Gently, as when a star fades from the blue,
And melts away, in the still morning light ;
Sweetly, as when a blest and thrilling strain
Floats in its softness on the quiet air,
And fainter grows, until it dies away,
That morning sun went down—that spirit-lyre
Was hushed, and the glad music stilled for aye.

The morning dawned, and with it came a hush—
A silent shadow on the careless heart ;
And the bright smile was banished for the tear,
And tones were smothered and young steps grew light,
And the glad echo of the merry voice
Sounded no more, in freedom, through the halls,

For one had passed away, and all were sad.
A weary, mournful day, a long and silent night,
And the cold clay, so beautiful in death,
Was robed and coffined for the voiceless tomb.
Gently they bore him to his long, long rest !
Where the winds sigh amid the tassel'd trees,
And young flowers breathe their fragrance on the air,
Where bird-songs trill above the pleasant graves,
And the long grass, with many a shadowy wave,
Springs, in its softness, from the grateful earth,
And weaves a carpet for the mourner's tread,
They laid him down to sleep ! Then with bowed
hearts,
And tears, our broken band drew near, to bring
Their offering sweet, of early budding flowers,
The gracious tokens of a Father's love,
And drop them gently in our brother's grave.
Oh 't was a solemn hour, and many a heart
That ne'er had known the quiet, inborn joy,
The peace and glory of the wondrous love
That shed a halo over Jordan's waves,
That took away the sting—the fear of Death,
And made it blest and beautiful to die,
Was awed and softened by the holy spell
That lingered round the portals of the tomb.
Death was the gate—the vestibule of Heaven ;
And though we saw the cold and lifeless form,
And gaz'd, in sorrow, on the once glad face,
Rigid and passionless, we know he lives !
'T was the frail dust they laid away to rest,

Beneath the shadow of the whispering trees ;
The soul—the deathless—the immortal part,
That gave such beauty to its earthly home,
Lives with its God, and bathes its tireless wing
In the glad sunshine of eternal love !
With angels, now, he bows before the throne ;
The gushing voice, tuneless and hushed to us,
Blends with the sweetness of the seraph's song,
And swells the chorus of the anthem high,
Chanted, in rapture, by the blood-washed throng.
No night is there, nor sun, nor moon, nor stars,
But God's own glory is the light thereof ;
And He, Himself, shall wipe all tears away !
Call we our band a broken one to-night ?
Yes, we are here, and there is one in Heaven !

'T is well

The grave hath hid the sunshine of his face,
And the clear gaze of those deep eyes is veiled
Forever, yet again we say, 'T IS WELL !

THE SPIRIT.

WHAT is the spirit ? 't is the mystic thing
That gives a glory to the speaking face,
That prints, upon the brow, a heavenly trace,
And lends the senseless clay a seraph's wing ;
Something immortal, reaching to the skies,
Whose source is God—whose goal is Paradise !

WHO WOULD NOT DIE TO LIVE AGAIN?

I saw a fair and lovely child,
With eyes of heaven's softest blue
A form of sweet bewitching grace,
A heart that ne'er a sorrow knew.

With lightsome step she bounded on,
And garlanding the dewy flowers,
She twined them 'mid her sunny curls,
And danced away the golden hours.

Again I looked—the scene was changed ;
Those soft blue eyes were gently closed,
And still and cold, in Death's embrace,
That fair and child-like form reposed.

The silken curls were smoothly laid,
From off the brow serenely white,
While round the pale and waxen lips,
There played a smile divinely bright.

Beside the gentle sleeper's couch,
A mother stood, with tearful eye,
She saw the casket of her gem,
The jewel sparkled far on high.

Upon the fair and sinless brow,
She prest one fervent kiss of love,

And then, in broken accents, sighed,
“My flower but droops to bloom above.”

I turned away—borne on the breeze,
Methought I heard a rapturous strain,
And angel voices seemed to ask,
“Who would not die to live again ?”

THE DREAM.

METHOUGHT I stood in a lordly hall,
Where 'wilderling splendors shone,
And light feet tripp'd to the rapturous swell
Of music's heavenly tone ;
Soft love was stealing from soul-lit orbs,
In glances divinely bright,
And coral lips were witchingly wreathed,
With smiles of radiant light.

The ruby gleamed and the diamond flashed,
On many a queenly brow,
And the silvery laugh went floating by,
In cadence gentle and low ;
The glorious voice of song went up,
From those halls so gay and proud,
And happiness seemed to reign that night,
In the heart of the dazzling crowd.

The sylph-like form and the airy tread,
Moved on in the mystic dance,
A scene so bright I had never met,
And stood in a breathless trance,
When one I saw, 'mid the giddy throng,
With a pale brow, broad and high,
With a lip whose smile was eloquent,
And a dark and speaking eye :

Her floating robe was of virgin white,
No gem 'mid her tresses gleamed,
The light of truth, on her peerless brow,
With a quiet luster beamed ;
And lo ! as I gazed, the bright throng paused,
That radiant form drew nigh,
And the words that fell from her parted lips
Were soft as the zephyr's sigh !

“ Mortal, thinkest thou the angel of Peace
Hath folded her pinion here ?
That dark eyes, flashing so proudly now,
Ne'er harbor the pearly tear ?
Ah ! many a heart with anguish beats,
'Neath a gay and costly robe,
And the silver wreath oft graces a brow
That burns with a painful throb.

Then go thy way, with a wiser heart,
Nor seek for happiness here,
Not all the gorgeous glitter of wealth
May purchase a thing so dear.

The light of a joyous soul may seem
From the 'witching glance to dart,
But a robe of smiles is often worn
To cover a broken heart."

Those silvery tones then died away,
That glorious form was gone ;
She floated off, like a vision of light—
The song and the dance went on.
I turned away from that princely hall,
The lesson was taught me there,
That the heart oft swells with a bursting grief,
When the lip a smile doth wear.

TO THE STARS.

Soft lights that gem yon cloudless sky,
Blest with the glorious power
To chain the soaring soul on high,
At evening's solemn hour ;
To break the strange, mysterious spell,
That darkly binds us here,
And lift the burden of our dreams,
Up to the shining sphere ;
Ye fan the native fires of thought
Unto one brilliant flame,
And teach the adoring heart to praise
The mighty Maker's name.

Oh, when at eve, my lifted eyes
 Drink in the starry light,
Wild longings in my soul arise—
 Dreams beautiful and bright !
I hear the swelling hymn of old,
 When shouts of glory rang,
When angels hailed Creation's morn,
 And ye together sang.
A hush comes o'er me, and I kneel
 Upon the dewy sod,
And pour my heart's deep worship out,
 In voiceless prayer, to God.

Held in a rapt and breathless trance,
 Before the eternal throne,
I strive to teach my stam'ring lip
 One strong and mighty tone !
The power to breathe the "words that burn,"
 Hath never yet been mine ;
And though, at times, my soul hath caught
 A ray of light divine,
From proud Expression's peerless star,
 Yet soon the spell is o'er,
Deep thought retires within itself,
 And finds a voice no more.

OUR ANGEL.

WE called her Angel, for the light
That shone in her soft eyes
Had something in its hue of Heaven—
The sweet look of the skies ;
And ever on her gentle lips
There played a quiet smile,
As if some thought of holiness
Were in her heart the while.

Our world, with all its loveliness,
Hath many mournful things,
And when our Angel noticed this
She plumed her viewless wings ;
There came a spell upon her soul,
A shadow on her face,
And oftener we saw her kneel
Before the throne of grace.

She watched the moving of the cloud
That broods above our land,
She saw the severed household chain,
The broken household band ;
She saw the great and gifted bow
Low at the tempter's shrine—
The glory of the god-like mind
Quenched in the sparkling wine.

To him who won her early love,
She saw the pale wife cling,
She saw *him* spurn the broken heart,
A crushed and bleeding thing ;
And then our Angel's brow grew pale,
Her bounding step grew slow,
Her voice, of melting melody,
Grew very soft and low.

Her eyes—those deep and wondrous eyes—
Grew eloquent with tears,
We watched her jealously the while,
And strove to hush our fears ;
But when we asked her why her voice
Had lost its olden song,
Our Angel, meekly smiling, said,
“I may not tarry long.”

We tried to win her from the skies—
We searched the woodland bowers,
And threaded wild, untrodden paths,
To bring, for her, the flowers ;
We garlanded the holy things,
And bound them on her brow,
And softly said, within our hearts,
“She'll fold her pinions now.”

But fainter grew her quiet smile,
And feebler grew her tone,

And holier, in its loveliness,
The light that round her shone.
One day, she folded her thin hands,
And closed her weary eyes,
And then our Angel fell asleep,
And woke in Paradise.

EARTH'S TRIUMPH HOURS.

A VALEDICTORY POEM.

EARTH hath for all her triumph hours,
Some radiant with joy and light,
When brows are garlanded with flowers,
And gay, glad smiles are beaming bright,
And some known by the kindling eye,
The changing cheek's o'ermantling glow,
The bound of pulses beating high,
The life-tide's quick, tumultuous flow.

They bless the lowly and the great—
They come where hearts, in meekness, bow,
Where proud forms sit in regal state,
And jewel'd splendors grace the brow ;
The little child, the strong, brave man,
The mighty monarch on his throne,
The warrior in the army's van,
Each hath some hour of triumph known.

When the first fall of tiny feet
 Makes music on the cottage floor,
And young lips breathe, in lispsings sweet,
 The words they ne'er have said before,
The dawning of a glad surprise,
 The sudden glow of conscious power,
Lights up the large and wondrous eyes,
 And marks the baby's triumph hour.

In the first flush of early youth,
 When life with rainbow-dreams is fraught,
And childhood's bold and fearless truth
 Is blent with manhood's earnest thought ;
The grasping of some high desire,
 The reaching of some lofty goal,
Kindles to life the electric fire
 That glows within the daring soul.

The man of bearing high and proud,
 Whose voice, one wave of minstrelsy,
Sweeps forth, until the breathless crowd
 Sways like the vast and surging sea,
Feels, in his heart, the rising flame,
 The power the restless throng to bind,
And flushing cheek and brow proclaim
 The triumph of a master-mind.

When Genius, to her favored child,
 Some rich, exulting strain hath taught,
And Poesy breathes, in numbers wild,
 The language of the burning thought,

A rapture all the being fills,
The broad brow hath a gladder grace,
The pale cheek glows, the high heart thrills,
And triumph glorifies the face.

The warrior from the field of strife,
To whom the mighty nations bow,
Feels, in his veins, the tide of life
Course with a fuller, faster flow,
When mingle song and echoing shout,
With silver strains and chime of bells,
And glad triumphant peals ring out,
And music on the clear air swells.

Loud peans to the skies ascend,
Till wakes again the broad, blue dome,
Bright banners wave, young voices blend,
And millions greet the hero home ;
Aye, brave hearts leap and pulses thrill
When song and shout ring on the breeze ;
Yet there are conquests higher still,
And prouder triumph-hours than these !

When trusting woman, cursed and spurned,
Her heart a crushed and bleeding thing,
In her sweet faith, hath meekly turned
And borne it all unmurmuring ;
When she hath taught her soul to bow,
And gently hushed the rising sigh,
A glory gilds the patient brow,
And triumph lights her earnest eye.

When the stern man hath breasted long
The waves of Passion's troubled sea,
Gained o'er his spirit proud and strong,
 The pure and perfect mastery ;
The thrill of that mysterious power
 Gives to his heart a fuller swell,
The glory of his triumph hour,
 Not all may know and none may tell.

And thus they come, earth's triumph-hours,
Some that in trumpet-tones have rung,
Some garlanded with laurel-flowers,
 And some unheralded, unsung !
Perchance our hearts have felt to-night,
 The circling life-tide's faster flow,
As standing on the classic hight,
 We view the meadow-lands below.

Those meadow lands ! ah, they are fair,
Watered by Learning's crystal rills,
Waved by the pure untainted air,
 Wafted in freshness from her hills !
Beyond the broad and billowy green,
 The Alpine hights of Science tower,
The student's goal, the sunrise scene
 Of many a glorious triumph-hour.

Classmates, we pause, and ere we press
Our feet upon the viewless shore,
We give a thought of tenderness
 To all that *was*—and *is*, no more !

Our school-days ! pleasant they have been,
The promise of the unborn years,
And must the parting enter in,
And turn their blessedness to tears ?

'T is here together we have knelt,
Glad worshippers at Wisdom's shrine,
Our souls have thrilled as we have felt
The clasping of her hand divine ;
The lightning-thought, a chainless thing,
Throned in a waveless sea of light,
Would higher lift its eagle wing,
And scale the mountain's proudest hight.

Aye, there are gushing founts unsealed,
For which our panting spirits thirst,
And fuller splendors unrevealed
Shall on the dazzled vision burst !
Oh, in this hour of tenderness,
We feel the wave of viewless wings,
And inner voices bid us press
To higher, nobler, purer things !

Sisters, whose voices' gentle swell
Hath blended sweetly with our own,
And brother, now the fond farewell,
We breathe, with hushed and sadden'd tone,
And o'er our heart there comes a wave
Of mournful music, deep and strong,
As if some trembling lute-string gave
The burden of its silver song.

'T is here together we have bowed,
Meekly, to learn the Master's will,
And felt, beneath the sacred cloud,
The hushing of the "Peace, be still!"
Oh, in the future storms unseen,
May not the same voice calm the strife,
And lend us, in its light serene,
The sunshine of our girlhood life?

It may be ours, with words of love,
To win the wanderer from his ways,
Teach the bowed soul to look above,
The lips of cursing, songs of praise;
It may be ours, with fainting feet,
The weary walks of earth to tread,
Cold words and chilling frowns to meet,
Where once the light of love was shed.

Let us go forth with cheerful hearts,
With yearnings for the pure and true,
To act, in earnestness, our parts,
To do with might whate'er we do;
And though we suffer, strength divine
Shall gird the sinking soul with power,
And angel fingers garlands twine,
To grace the martyr's triumph-hour.

Our Teachers! how the full heart glows!
Warm, gushing thoughts upon us press,
We may not break the pure repose,
The holy hush of thankfulness;

The unsealed waters rise and swell,
Their depth the lip may ne'er reveal;
For words grow weak and may not tell,
How much a grateful heart may feel.

It hath been yours to lead us up
The winding ways of Wisdom's mount,
Lift to our lips the cooling cup,
Fresh from the pure and crystal fount:
It hath been yours to sweep the lyre,
To hold the wondrous master-key,
That woke to life the high desire,
And tuned the mind to minstrelsy.

Oh, not in vain hath been the care,
The watchful love, the earnestness,
The wrestling soul, the fervent prayer,
That God our early ways would bless;
The seed your cheerful hands have sown,
Shall quicken in the grateful soil,
And the rich harvest, golden grown,
Shall witness of your earnest toil!

The guiding words that softly fell,
Waking the soul's unconscious powers,
With mingled melody shall swell
The glory of your triumph-hours!
Aye, these shall make your lives sublime,
And when the burning stars grow dim,
The music of their vesper-chime
Shall blend with the eternal hymn.

We pause—a hush comes o'er the soul,
And bows it in an hour like this,
When the heart's beating seems to toll
The death-knell of the parted bliss ;
The secret fount within is stirr'd,
Higher the gushing waters swell,
The lip may breathe one only word,
Strangers and loved ones, all, FAREWELL !

THE DEAD CHILD.

VEIL away the summer gladness,
Shut the sunlight from the room,
Meet is now the wail of sadness,
Meet the still and voiceless gloom,
Hearts are aching,
Bleeding, breaking,
In the shadow of the tomb,

Many a flower of beauty scattered
Hath the household garland known,
Many an idol rudely shattered,
Jewels missing where they shone,
Stars benighted,
Yet relighted,
Shining in the Saviour's crown.

Fold the snowy robes around him,
Deck him for his narrow bed,
'T is a wakeless sleep hath bound him ;
Well we know the child is dead !
Weep, O Mother !
For another
Birdling from thy bosom fled.

Glancing o'er the green earth's brightness,
With a step all gay and fleet,
Oh, there was a mystic lightness,
Merry, musical and sweet,
In the sounding
Of the bounding
Of the little twinkling feet !

Gently smooth the silken tresses
As in sunny days before,
Vain are all thy fond caresses,
He may heed them nevermore—
Yet we could not,
Oh, we would not
Lure him from the spirit-shore.

There will come to thee the brightness
Of the lost and vanish'd one,
And thine ear will catch the lightness
Of his soft and silvery tone,
In the morning,
In the evening,
In the night and at the noon.

On the brow so meek and holy,
We the last fond kiss have prest ;
With a mournful step and slowly,
Lay the beautiful to rest !
Death, the reaper,
Folds the sleeper
Tightly to his icy breast.

THE BEAUTIFUL,

IN the rich drapery of a sunset sky,
In the soft shadows of the twilight hour,
In the still starlight falling from on high,
In the faint quiver of a moonlit shower ;
In the deep crimson of the rose's heart,
In the pure whiteness of the lily's bell,
Where bright waves gleam and glancing sunbeams
 dart,
The spirit of the Beautiful doth dwell !

In the light step, the form of floating grace,
In the warm sunshine of a pleasant smile,
In the glad love-light of a cheerful face,
The soul untainted by the breath of guile ;
In the pure heart, where one resistless flood,
 The holy waters of affection swell,
In all things high and glorious and good,
The spirit of the Beautiful doth dwell !

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

HAIL, holy hour ! methinks that Paradise
Hath lent a veil to shade thy mellow skies,
So calmly fades each gorgeous sunset hue,
And melts serenely in the tranquil blue,
So soft and shadowy is the pensive light
That marks the bridal of the day and night.

How sweet the dawning of this solemn hour
O'er every thought it sheds a soothing power,
Refines the being—elevates the soul,
And binds each passion with a calm control ;
While contemplation lifts her brow on high,
And paints the glories of a fairer sky.

Mount ! mount, my soul ! thou restless spirit, soar,
And fold thy pinions on that viewless shore,
Far, far beyond the proudest hights of time,
Oh, lift thy longings to that holy clime,
Where light resplendent gilds eternal day,
And peaceful seasons never pass away !

Why droops thy wing ! why tires thy lofty flight ?
Canst thou not pierce Eternity's own light ?
Immortal life, that glorious gift is thine—
The gift to fathom mysteries divine.
Then break the chain that fain would bind thee here,
And plume thy pinions for a cloudless sphere.

Pause, burning Thought! dost think to scale the cloud
That wraps the heavens in a mystic shroud?
Thine eye must dim, thy wing must powerless droop,
To weaker things thy daring flight must stoop;
Firm are the links of earth's unyielding chain,
Back to my heart! thy longings all are vain!

Soul, dost thou spurn the feeble things of earth?
Wouldst seek the home that gave thy yearnings birth?
Wouldst soar above the cold and senseless clod,
And bow, with angels, at the throne of God?
One holy power can waft thee sweetly there—
Devotion's breath—the wing of fervent prayer!

THE DIVORCED WIFE.

THOU wilt forget me when dark eyes
Are flashing proudly on thy sight,
When fair forms bend around thy path,
And radiant smiles are beaming bright;
Thou wilt forget me when soft tones
Are breathing music on thine ear,
For ah! no voice may dare to speak
The name that once to thee was dear!

Thou wilt forget me when the world
To thee its willing homage pays,
When fair hands strew thy path with flowers,
And fond lips proudly speak thy praise;

For once I saw thee when thy brow
Was circled by the wreath of fame,
When triumph wing'd the golden hours,
And syren voices breathed thy name.

I saw thee, and thine eyes met mine—
How coldly fell their gaze on me !
And thou didst smile—a strange, proud smile—
As if to mock my agony !
In vain I strove to veil my woe,
And teach my lip a smile to wear,
Alas ! my aching brow would pale,
My heart grow faint when thou wert near !

Thou wilt forget that once my soul
Drank in the music of thy voice,
That once each thrilling tone of thine
Could make this throbbing heart rejoice ;
And thou wilt choose a fairer one,
To tread with thee the walks of life,
Yet in the holy sight of Heaven,
I only am thy wedded wife !

Thou wilt forget that once thy lips
Were prest unto this burning brow—
That thou didst clasp my hand in thine,
And speak the solemn marriage-vow ;
Thou wilt forget it, but the God
That sealed that vow will ne'er forget ;
The golden chain of wedded love,
With Him, is firm and binding yet.

And dost thou think, with other men,
The tie that bound our hearts is riven ?
Dost think those sacred, solemn words,
Are nothing in the sight of Heaven ?
By all the love I bear thee now,
By all the love that blest me then,
I still am thine and thou art mine,
Though strangers in the eyes of men !

Oh, could I steel my bleeding heart
To every tender thought of thee,
And ne'er betray, by word or sign,
Its deep and bitter agony !
Oh, could I mingle with the crowd,
With mien so gay that none might know
How dark a spell had bound my soul,
How wild the night of hopeless woe !

Oh, could I but forget the past,
With the fair scenes that Fancy wove,
Forget the hopes all blighted now,
And all the holy dream of love !
But no ! my husband, sooner far,
Will yonder stars forget to shine,
Than this fond heart forget its love,
Or cease to mourn the loss of thine !

Forget thee ? no, 't were all in vain !
Though faithless, still, I chide thee not ;
The peaceful hour may never come,
When thy loved name will be forgot !

In the calm night when all is still,
And in the silent hour of prayer,
Ah! turn me wheresoe'er I will,
Thy worshipped image still is there!

THE DEAD MOTHER.

WAKE! mother, wake! the rosy morn is breaking,
The silver stars have shut their twinkling eyes,
The summer day, in glory, now is waking,
This is the hour that thou wert wont to rise.

Wake! mother, wake! the birds are sweetly singing,
The flowers are sparkling in the dewy light,
The village bell a merry peal is ringing,
And all around is beautiful and bright.

Wake! mother, wake! long, long hath been thy
sleeping,
Since the fair twilight threw its shadows 'round,
The golden sunbeams, through the curtains, peeping,
Would wake a sleep less strange, or less profound.

Wake! mother, wake! I miss thy kindly greeting,
Thy calm, cold look, ah! how it makes me weep!
Thy heart is still, I feel no more its beating,
And something tells me thou wilt ever sleep!

Wake ! mother, wake ! why heed'st thou not my
crying ?

But yester-eve those white lips on me smiled,
Now on thy breast my weary head is lying,
Kind mother, wake, and bless thy weeping child !

Wake ! mother, wake ! whilst thou art sweetly
dreaming,

I lay my hand upon thy peaceful brow,
'T is icy cold ! the sunlight, on it streaming,
Hath not the power to warm its paleness now.

Wake ! mother, wake ! for I am weary calling,
A chilling weight is resting on my heart,
On thy pale cheek my tears are fastly falling,
And strange, sad thoughts their shadows round me
dart.

Speak ! mother, speak ! my arms are round thee
twining,
Dost thou not feel my warm cheek close to thine ?
What means this sudden splendor round thee shining,
I ne'er beheld a glory so divine !

Sleep ! mother, sleep ! the sunlight now is lying
In many a warm, soft shadow, on the floor ;
The stars have set, and the pale moon is dying,
Alas ! sweet mother, thou wilt wake no more !

CHILD OF SUNSHINE.

CHILD of sunshine, joy to thee,
With thy laughter wild and free !
With thy curling, elfin hair
Floating round thy forehead fair,
With thy fleet and airy tread,
Lips of coral, full and red,
With a cheek whose bloom might vie
With the rose-heart's crimson dye,
Winning by thy playful wiles,
Fond caresses, tender smiles,
What a world of gladness lies
Deep within thy violet eyes !
Now thy merry voice is heard,
Joyous as a singing bird,
Now thy fairy form is seen
Bounding o'er the meadows green,
Glancing, like a thing of light,
Through the clover, red and white,
Up the hill and down the dell,
Graceful as a wild gazelle,
By the placid river's side,
Where the pleasant waters glide,
Through the long, bright, golden hours,
Like a sunbeam 'mid the flowers,
Busy with thy guileless play,
All the live-long summer-day

Not a cloud or shadow knows,
From its dawning to its close !
Dimples make their dwelling-place
In the heart-light of thy face,
Angels in thy bosom rest,
Child of sunshine, thou art blest !

GLEANINGS FROM THE HOURS.

As shining links in life's mysterious chain,
As soft notes swelling to a thrilling strain,
As bright waves flashing to the viewless shore,
Where dwell the loved, the lost, the gone before,
As the low voice of things that never die
Bearing a record to the throne on high,
As clasps that bind the present with the past,
As golden fragments from forever cast,
As threads of which our destiny is wove,
As priceless jewels lent us from above,
As garlands scattered from eternal bowers,
Such, unto us, are life's immortal hours.

Immortal ? aye, swiftly they come and go,
Yet seal our destiny, for weal or woe,
As springs the harvest from the seed we sow,
As swells the river from the streams that flow,
And though, perchance, we fondly, vainly dream,
The golden hours are fleeting as they seem,
The dawn, the shine, the fading of a beam,

Yet they are solemn—solemn, since they swell
The ranks of Heaven or the hosts of Hell,
And deathless, since each mighty moment bears,
Some mark that tells on the eternal years.

There is an hour—the last, this side the tomb,
An hour so fearful with the weight of doom,
So veiled in glory, or so wrapt in gloom,
With the full splendor from above so bright,
The new-born rapture bursting on the sight
Or with a dark, undying woe so deep,
The woe that breaks the dreamer's fatal sleep,
The night that shrouds the soul's eternal all,
And gathers round it as a fearful pall,
As come the shadows ere the tempests fall,
An hour with all that never dies so fraught
The soul will bow beneath its crushing thought.

Come to the bedside of the dying one
Who ne'er hath sought the Father's holy Son,
Whose hours have borne a record to the skies,
That seals, for her, the death that never dies !
'T is a proud mansion in a sunny land,
By bright waves kissed, and spicy breezes fanned ;
A land of beauty where through all the day,
From gushing fountains leap the silvery spray,
A land of sunshine and of gladness, where
Steals a sweet fragrance to the dreamy air,
From scented groves and waving orange-bowers,
Where bright birds glance amid the tropic flowers,

And glittering insects dip their dazzling dyes,
In the clear azure of the mellow skies.

'T is a proud mansion—softly through the halls
The shaded light, in dreamy splendor, falls,
Mirrors are flashing from the stately walls,
Roses are smiling, 'neath the dainty tread,
From crimson carpets blushing into red,
Odors are floating through the gorgeous rooms
From jewel'd censers breathing sweet perfumes,
And the low sound of fountains, in their play,
Breathes on the ear a faint and lulling lay.
Yet there is gloom within that high home now,
She of the stately mien and haughty brow
At whose proud feet the vassal'd millions bow,
She who hath scorned the lowly things of earth
And madly reveled in the halls of mirth,
She who hath danced the golden hours away,
As if her life were but one gala-day,
The brightest star of all the dazzling crowd,
The peerless one, the beautiful, the proud,
Hath laid her high and lofty bearing by,
And, in her helplessness, laid down to die !

'T is the last hour ! what recks her splendor now !
The jewels flashing on her queenly brow,
The royal emblems of unrivaled power,
Oh, what are these in this, a dying hour !
She heeds them not—the dream of life is o'er,
Her feet are pressing to the unseen shore,

No angel breathings from the land of rest,
Sink softly down into her troubled breast,
No peaceful ray, no light is in her soul,
No cloudless vision of a heavenly goal,
No morning star dawns in its light serene,
And throws a halo o'er the rayless scene,
Cold on her heart there lies a crushing weight,
She wakes at last, but wakes, alas ! too late !
A sudden horror lights the glaring eye,
From the white lips wails out the piercing cry,
“ Spare me, O God ! I cannot, cannot die.”
’T is all in vain ! the race of life is run,
Her hours are lost—her deathless soul undone !

Come to the bedside of the dying one
Who waits to hear the Master’s sweet well-done,
Whose hours have borne a record to the skies,
That seals, for her, the life that never dies !
’T is the last hour ! what is it breaks the gloom
And gives a glory to the voiceless tomb ?
A joy so deep that e’en the lowly room,
Seems like a heaven ! ah, Heaven itself is near,
Nor trembling doubt, nor sinking hope, nor fear,
Cloud the rapt vision of the trusting soul,
As dawns the glory of the glittering goal.
Jesus is with her—with her since she trod
The paths of life, in meekness, with her God,
The risen Saviour guides her willing feet
Through the dark vale where earth and Heaven
meet !

A sudden splendor lights the dimming eye,
The low, sweet echo of the parting sigh,
Floats softly up beyond the starry sky,
“ ‘T is sweet to live, yet glorious to die ! ”
Come gentle Death ! the work of life is done,
The crown is hers, the victory is won !

O, solemn Time ! we may not fathom thee
Since through a glass we dimly, darkly see,
We may not read thy deep, unwritten lines,
Thy clear revealing of the Spirit’s shrines
Veiled save to God—we may not see the light
That dawns upon thee in thy silent flight,
The still, clear radiance from the world afar,
That gives to Him thy pages as they are—
‘T is ours to work—to work while yet the day
Hath known no night—’t is ours to trust and pray,
To seize the moments ere they glide away,
To live in earnest, ere the future be,
And Death reveals life’s solemn mystery.
So shall the hours be beautiful and blest,
The peaceful dawnings of an endless rest ;
The golden lamps our virgin hands shall trim,
Our life the prelude to Forever’s hymn,
Our living hours the gleams of glory given,
The dying hour an entrance into Heaven !

THE BIRDS.

THEY come ! they come ! a beautiful band
From the dreamy shades of the southern land,
They come, we know by the merry trill
That softly floats o'er the distant hill,
By the warble wild in the woodlands dim,
Like the swelling voice of a thrilling hymn,
A silver song and a floating strain—
The birds ! the birds ! they are here again !

They come with the gush of the rippling rills,
When the grass grows green on the pleasant hills,
When the founts are loos'd, and the old earth rings
With the tinkling chime of a thousand springs—
They come with the sound of the rustling trees,
And the balmy breath of the scented breeze,
A wild, sweet song and a gushing strain—
The birds ! the birds ! they are here again !

THE ORIGIN OF THE DEW-DROP.

THE king of day in royal robes
Of gold and purple drest,
Had drawn his crimson curtains round,
And softly sunk to rest :
The splendor of his dying tints
Had faded from the earth,
The twilight's deep'ning gloom had hushed
The voice of careless mirth,
And all around was bathed in hues
So calm and strangely fair,
That Nature seemed to praise her God
In still and voiceless prayer.

The hours past on—the holy eve
Had lent its softest shade,
When lo ! upon the tranquil sky
One silver star was laid.
An angel bright and beautiful,
With form divinely fair,
Had winged his flight from Paradise
And gently laid it there,
And then a thousand glowing lamps
He lit with splendor bright,
A thousand golden jewels hung
High on the brow of night ;

With myriad hosts of burning stars
The azure heavens beamed,
While over all a dreamy flood
Of silver moonlight streamed.

The angel paused—his mission high,
His holy work was done,
The moonbeams lent their purest tints,
The stars resplendent shone ;
A cloud of glory seemed to rest
O'er earth and heaven fair,
Blest as the light that shone of old,
On Eden's sinless pair.
From the rapt seraph's kindling eye,
One silent tear-drop fell,
That in a world so beautiful,
The shades of sin should dwell,
That proud, ungrateful, fallen man
Should 'gainst his God rebel !

Low down upon the velvet earth,
A lovely flower repos'd,
Its snowy bell was folded up,
Its starry eye was closed,
When lo ! a zephyr, passing by,
Its spotless leaves carest,
And kiss'd away the thrilling sweets
Within its peaceful breast.
When downward through the trackless air,
The angel tear-drop fell,

It gently laid its pearly tints,
Within the floweret's bell,
And when the sunshine bathed the hills
In floods of rosy light,
It softly shone and sparkled there,
A thing divinely bright.
A gladder beauty seemed to gild
The broad and peaceful earth,
And Nature blessed the holy night
That gave the Dew-drop birth !

PICTURES.

THEY come to us, the beautiful, the bright,
The pleasant pictures of the olden time,
Unfolding sweetly to the heart to-night,
'Mid music's strains and voices' silvery chime ;
They come to us unfading in the glow,
That throws a halo o'er the vanish'd year,
That gilds each joy and glorifies each woe,
That paints the smile and shadows not the tear ;
They come to us, the pictures of the past,
Bathed in the sunshine of the memory-light,
Each blessed vision brighter than the last,
Dawning in beauty on the raptured sight,
Until the heart hath crowned the by-gone years,
With all of sunshine and with nought of tears.

The veil is lifted from the future now,
Its scenes made known, its visions bright unsealed,
Its pictures hung in Fancy's brilliant glow,
By the full splendor of her torch revealed.
They come to us, the radiant, the fair,
Painted in hues that dazzle as they shine,
Each tint that glows, each form unfolded there,
Is treasured deep within the Spirit's shrine ;
They come to us, the glowing pictures traced,
In the pure brightness of eternal dews,
Each gorgeous scene unblemished, uneffaced,
Giving the soul the gladness of its hues,
Until the heart hath crowned the unborn years,
With all of sunshine and with nought of tears.

Call them not voiceless though they breathe no word,
Though lips are mute and the fair form is still,
They have a language, by the spirit heard—
A silent speech that to the soul doth thrill ;
Call them not voiceless, pictures though they are,
Perchance they breathe some long forgotten name,
Light softly up some dimly setting star,
And fan the spark unto a brilliant flame ;
The bright creation glowing there, may give
A deeper purpose to the pure desire,
A nobler aim for which to love and live,
A holier luster to the sacred fire,
And the meek soul, by e'en a picture taught,
May find a glory in the pencil'd thought.

There is a picture, glorious and bright,
A vision painted by an unseen hand,
The pencil dipped in floods of living light,
Unfolds the splendor of the viewless land.
The Christian wears the shadow of the scene
Framed in the sunshine of his trusting soul,
Throned in the beauty of the light serene,
The still, clear radiance of the shining goal ;
The scene is Heaven, with all its wondrous charms,
The Soul the canvas, and the artist, Faith,
A new-born rapture all the being warms,
When floating down the silent tide of Death
Each soft tint dies, thus dimly, faintly given,
And melts away into the light of Heaven.

ANGEL CHARLIE.

HE sleeps—“our little Charlie” sleeps—
We know the babe is blest,
Cradled so soft and tenderly,
On the dear Saviour’s breast ;
Why should our eyes with tears be dim,
Our darling is not dead,
We know that all is well with him,
Let us be comforted !

’T was Jesus led the precious child,
Out of this world of sin,

The golden gates of bliss swung back
To let our Angel in ;
Look up, ye bleeding parent-hearts,
Who mourn the sweet tie riven,
And feel how blessed 't is to have
A little boy in Heaven.

SONG TO A BIRD.

WHERE is thy home, sweet bird ?
Is it far away in a distant land,
Where the blue waves flash on the ocean's strand ?
In the gorgeous heart of the South Sea Isle,
'Neath a sky as soft as an infant's smile,
Does thy wild song float through the spicy bowers,
And thy bright wings glance 'mid the orange flowers ?

Whence comes thy song, sweet bird ?
Hast thou soared away in the deep, blue sky,
Till thy quick ear thrilled to the chorus high,
Of the far-off song of the angel-choir ?
Did it fill thy soul with the music-fire,
That lives and breathes in thy gushing strain,
With a charm to hush and a spell to chain ?

Whence comes the hue, bright bird
Of the light that gleams where thy pinions dart,
Like the tint that glows in the rose's heart ?

In thy giddy course, o'er the mountain's hight,
Didst thou bathe thy wing in the dewy light
Of the purple cloud of the early day,
As it floated off on its morning way ?

Farewell, farewell, sweet bird !
Thou hast fixed thine eye on the blazing light,
And thy wing is spread for a lofty flight,
Thou art free, thou art free, as the boundless air,
And no wailing note doth thy glad song bear,
Like the dying gleam of a setting star,
Thou art gone ! thou art lost in the blue afar !
My song is all unheard !

TO-DAY.

TIE that binds the past and future,
Wonderful with destiny,
Linking all that ever has been
To what may hereafter be ;
Wave from out a viewless ocean,
Dashing on the shores of time,
Every hour the far-off echo
Of the swelling surge sublime ;
Ray of God's eternal being,
Shining down upon our way,
Who may tell the mighty meaning
Of the little word, to-day !

Comprehending all the present,
All the real life we live,
Speech is voiceless to define it,
Words may ne'er its language give ;
Speak it soft, or speak it solemn,
Speak it often as we may,
We may never tell the meaning
Of the mystical to-day.

In the great world's ceaseless stirring,
In the jarring din and strife,
Shall we call to-day a trifle ?
Is it not our all of life ?
Aye, we may not look beyond it,
Yesterday we know is past,
We may never see to-morrow,
This to-day may be our last !
Only time for earnest action,
Only time to watch and pray,
Endless joy or endless wailing,
Hang upon the vast to-day.

Every deed to-day shall witness,
Every lowly deed of love,
Borne by God's recording angel,
To the burning Throne above ;
Every word the lip shall utter
Be it ill or be it well,
Solemnly or lightly spoken,
On the endless years shall tell.

Let us seize each priceless moment,
 Let us work and watch and pray,
Knowing that we meet hereafter,
 Every thing we do to-day !
Then the veil shall be uplifted
 From the vision, faint and dim,
And the song of time shall mingle
 With the grand eternal hymn ;
Yea, our life shall be an anthem
 Swelling up the shining way,
And Eternity the *finalé*
 Of the glorious to-day.

BEAUTIFUL TO DIE.

“ O Death, where is thy sting ?”—BIBLE.

IT must be beautiful to die
 To the soft echo of the angels’ singing,
When seraph-strains are stealing from the sky,
 And the new song upon the ear is ringing.

IT must be beautiful to die,
 Stepping, unshrinking, in the silent river,
By the clear light of faith’s discerning eye,
 Looking beyond, unto the great Forever.

IT must be beautiful to die,
 Sweetly released from all that ever bound us,

The glad soul soaring to its home on high,
The angels near, the Saviour's arm around us.

It must be glorious to die,
Since Death is but a mournful fetter riven,
The opening of the portals of the sky,
The gate of bliss, the master-key of Heaven !

LINES TO AN INVALID SISTER.

SWEET sister, thou wert beautiful,
Ere suffering had paled thy brow,
Ere thy young heart had known the spell
Of weariness that binds it now ;
There was a sunshine in thy smile,
A bright and nameless witchery,
That played upon our hearts the while,
And woke a deeper love for thee.

And yet more beautiful than this,
And holier than thine early bloom,
The charm that thy sweet gentleness,
Hath thrown around our peaceful home ;
The calm, bright radiance on thy face,
Breathes of the soul's tranquillity,
The blessedness of that meek grace,
That maketh anguish dear to thee.

From the fond dreams of other days,
Comes there, unbidden, no soft strain ?

No spell from sunny memories,
That lures thee to the world again ?
Nay, by the light on thy pale brow,
The eloquence of thy soft eyes,
Thy low, sweet words of love, we know
Thy way is tending to the skies.

Meekly, my sister, thou dost drink
The cup thy Father's hand prepares,
Thy patient spirit cannot shrink
From all the weariness it bears,
Since Jesus marks the thorny road,
And gently paves the way for thee,
The way that leads to Heaven and God,
To light and immortality.

SILENT CITIES.

THERE is a grandeur in the mournful gloom,
That broods above the cities of the dead,
An awe that steals its shadow from the tomb,
While o'er the place of perished pride we tread ;
To the bowed heart there comes a crushing weight,
A quiet awfulness profoundly deep,
When the lone soul hath marked the hand of fate,
And traced the graves where buried cities sleep.

The tall, damp grass luxuriantly grows
Where once was reared the monumental pile,
O'er the sad spot the wild wind moaning blows,
The sunlight quivers with a sickly smile ;
No echo wakes the voiceless solitudes,
No star lights up the deep, unbroken gloom,
But, over all, stern Desolation broods;
The king of ruin, monarch of the tomb !

There comes no voice from crumbling arch or stone,
To tell the splendor of the storied past,
No lofty strain from mouldering ruin lone,
To breathe how grand, how glorious, how vast,
Was the great city in her day of pride,
When pomp unrivaled o'er her arches rolled,
Ere plunged beneath the desolating tide,
Her proud soul bowed, her mighty heart grew cold.

There steals no tender tone from ivied walls,
No voice from out the mournful hush to tell,
How regal homes and gorgeous palace halls,
Together in one common ruin fell ;
No outward sign, no vestige dim, no trace
Unfolds the scene of power and grandeur fled,
Nor arch, nor stone, nor ruin, marks the place,
Where sleep the fated cities of the dead.

Silence is here, and yet the soul hath caught,
From its mute eloquence an echo deep,
That bows the heart, unseals the fount of thought,
Reveals the spot where they, the fallen, sleep,

And by the hush that o'er the being steals,
The solemn spell unbroken, deep, profound,
The mystic awe the breathless spirit feels,
We know we tread on consecrated ground !

Aye, consecrated, since the long grass waves,
Where high homes towered, and hearts once proudly
beat,
Springs greenly up from unremembered graves,
And softly bends beneath the pilgrim's feet ;
And consecrated, since the wanderer's tread,
Is o'er the grave of princely pomp and pride,
And the still air breathes of the mighty dead,
The great of earth who here have lived and died !

'T was here, of old, the circling tides of life,
The giddy whirl, the wild, tumultuous flow,
Together mingled in a ceaseless strife,
And busy forms were hurrying to and fro ;
'T was here the sound of revelry was heard,
And music's strains stole on the clear still night,
And young hearts thrilled, and magic hopes were
stirr'd,
As fair forms floated in the wildering light.

'T was here they moved, the radiant, the fair,
With eyes of light and forms of airy grace,
'T was here the maiden decked her shining hair,
And wooed the sunshine to her speaking face ;
Here, the white wreath she bound upon her brow,
With trembling hand and heart of swelling pride,

And the glad voice grew musical and low,
As fell the words that made the girl a bride.

'T was here, perchance, the royal mother sung
At hush of eve, her low, sweet lullaby,
In the rich cadence of her native tongue,
Till drooped the lash above the clear blue eye ;
Fond dreams she held within her spirit, then,
How to her boy the great of earth should bow,
His voice should sway the hearts of strong, brave men,
The regal crown should press the fair, broad brow !

Here the bold youth, with proud heart beating high,
Went forth to win the laurel-wreath of fame,
And deeper shone the light within his eye,
As honor came and glory crowned his name.
On the clear air, so still and solemn now,
Rose the loud peal, the full, triumphant strain,
As rosy garlands graced the conqueror's brow,
And showered the glittering pageant of his train.

Aye, here glad hearts and bounding pulses thrill'd,
And beat to joyous, busy, changing life,
Ere the doomed city's million-tones were still'd,
Ere drooped the cloud that hushed the giddy strife.
Yet they are gone, the glorious, the gay—
There comes no sound from out the deep'ning gloom,
To the low moan, the mournful, "where are they?"
No answering voice is echoed from the tomb.

Sleep on, ye cities of the voiceless dead !
Mighty ye were, but ye are fallen now—
The pilgrim turns away with reverent tread,
And the hushed heart beats tremulous and slow ;
A holy awe sinks deep into his soul,
He marks the fate of earthly pomp and pride,
And lifts his longings to the shining goal,
Beyond the river's still and waveless tide,
Where the fair city of eternal rest,
Whose golden streets are by the angels trod,
Rises in glory, radiant and blest,
And everlasting as the years of God !



LINES TO J * * * .

ANOTHER New Year's Day hath come,
And still thy wayward footsteps roam,
Far from thy loved New England home,
And stranger breezes fan thy brow,
And stranger faces meet thee now,
Our Brother !

And yet we feel that thou art near,
When 'mid the gems that sparkle here,
Thy well-known characters appear,
And by the answering thoughts that start,
We know thine is a kindred heart,
Our Brother !

And has the starry glance for thee,
No sunshine and no witchery ?
The lute-like voice, no melody ?
And moves there not one by thy side,
Whom thou art proud to call thy bride,
Our Brother ?

Say, gifted one, hast never met
One face that thou couldst not forget ?
Whose memory is with thee yet ?
Has Cupid never aimed his dart,
And sent it quivering through thy heart,
Our Brother ?

Go, then, and seek some gentle one,
With spirit kindred to thine own,
To cheer thee with her kindly tone,
And with the heart and clasping hand,
We 'll welcome to our soul-linked band,
Another !

UNITED.

INSCRIBED TO THE AESTHETIC SOCIETY.*

UNITED ! 't is a holy sound,
A sweet, endearing word,
And hearts will thrill and pulses bound,
Where'er its voice is heard ;
It breathes a music low and clear,
A soul-uniting strain,
That links our hearts together here,
As by a silver chain.

United ! 't is the magic tie
That binds our sister-throng,
The love that lights the kindling eye,
And tunes the soul to song,
The breathings of that inborn joy,
That stills the heart's unrest,
Spring from the union of the pure,
The beautiful and blest.

United ! though the loved shall go,
From out our sister band,
Though kindred hearts shall scatter'd dwell,
Throughout our own fair land,
Though mountains, in their grandeur, rise,
And seas between us roll,

*A literary society connected with Fort Edward Institute.

They may not sunder heart from heart,
Nor sever soul from soul,

United ! yea, though eyes should dim,
And cheeks of beauty pale,
Though warm young hearts should throb no more,
And bounding steps should fail,
The silken chain may not be loosed,
The holy union riven,
That binds us with the “gone before,”
And draws us nearer Heaven.

Oh, when the raptured soul shall thrill
Unto the angels’ song,
When all the glad redeemed of God,
Shall swell the blood-washed throng,
Saviour ! to Thee we lift our hearts
In pure and fervent prayer,
That we who are united here,
May be united there !

SEA-FOAM.

WE would bring to thee, we would bring to thee,
No thrilling voice from the deep, dark sea,
No murmur low from the sounding deep,
When the winds are hushed and the blue waves sleep,
No treasures bright from the coral caves,
Where the changing shade of the sea-grass waves,
No peerless gems from the mermaid's home,
Would we bring to thee in our pure sea-foam,
'T is the soft spray dashed from the soul's own sea,
We would bring to thee, we would bring to thee!

We would bring to thee, we would bring to thee,
No swelling psalm from the sounding sea,
No far-off voice of the ocean's roar,
No jewels washed to the pebbled shore ;
There are glitt'ring gems more bright than they
In the silver light of our shining spray,
There are soft strains breathed of the joys that sleep,
In the mystic light of the spirit's deep,
There are songs that soothe, there are tones that thrill,
Like the whispered sound of a "Peace, be still;"
For the sparkling foam we would bring to thee,
Is the soft spray cast from the soul's own sea.

OUR BAND.

FATHER of all, we pray thee bless
Our gifted sister-band,
The kindred hearts that soon will meet
To clasp the parting hand ;
Oh, water with the dews of Heaven,
Affection's holy flowers,
And lend the sunshine of thy love
To gild these evening hours.

Is there one sister of our band,
That shuns Thy holy ways,
One soul that 's tuneless, and one lip
That 's voiceless to Thy praise ;
One gifted one that never bows
The knee in holy prayer,
One gentle eye that never sheds
The penitential tear :

One sister-heart that never seeks
The meek, the spotless One,
That glories not to bear the cross
Of Him, Thy lowly Son ?
Oh then direct the wanderer's feet
Unto the shining way,
Subdue our erring sister's heart
And teach her how to pray.

Father of all, we pray Thee bless
Our cherished sister-band,
The kindred hearts that soon will meet
To clasp the parting hand.
Help us to win the sacred prize
Gained by a Saviour’s love,
And may we all, unsevered, meet
An angel-band above.

“IT IS NOTHING TO ME.”

“IT is nothing to me,” says the Lady,
Resplendent in jewels and gold,
As she turns from the little street-beggar,
With mien proudly scornful and cold ;
Poor child ! there’s a tremulous quiver
In thy pleading so mournfully sweet,
Is it nothing to her in her splendor,
With vassals and slaves at her feet ?
With the step of a queen, slow and stately,
She treadeth her palace-like halls,
Mirrors flash from the floor to the ceiling,
Rich paintings adorn the proud walls,
Roses blush from the crimson and purple
Of carpets of fanciful dyes,
And the wealth of her beautiful parlors,
Would dazzle thine innocent eyes—

One mite from her glittering coffers,
Sweet child, were a kingdom to thee,
Yet alas ! as she turns from thy sorrow,
She says, “It is nothing to me.”

How sad seems the glad summer sunshine,
How mournful the blue arching sky,
To the heart of the little street-beggar
With the tear in her eloquent eye !
Away from the mansions of splendor,
The homes of the lofty and proud,
From the street to the gloom of the hovel,
She threads through the pitiless crowd ;
No glance from the soft eye of woman,
Compassionate, tender and mild,
No reaching of white, jewel'd fingers,
To aid thee, thou famishing child !
Look up, little one, faint and weary,
The cloud from thy spirit shall fall,
There is One who, in mercy, regards thee,
The Father and Saviour of all !
Thou waif upon life's troubled ocean,
Lift upward thy gaze, weak and dim,
The haughty may turn from thy sorrow,
We know it is something to Him !

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF CHILD-LIFE.

SAY not that child-life knows no blight,
The little one no woe,
That music breathes and sunshine lives,
Where'er the children go ;
Say not the meek and sinless brow
Hath ne'er a mournful shade,
That little hearts are little heavens,
For little angels made—
Say not the waves of early life
Forever smoothly glide ;
Though childhood is a blessed thing,
It hath a shady side.

Little children ! earth's evangels !
In our hearts we've called them angels,
Beings of the skies ;
We have read the sweet revealing
Of the spirit's hidden feeling,
In its gushing gladness stealing
From the tell-tale eyes ;
We have seen their sunny faces
In a thousand pleasant places,
When a cloud of glory bound them,
And a halo floated 'round them,

We have named them our evangels,
Blest them as our spirit-angels,
Beings of the skies !

Bounding o'er the clover-meadows,
Glancing through the changing shadows
Of the waving green ;
Where the flowers like stars are gleaming,
And the summer light is streaming,
Pleasant as a poet's dreaming,
In a golden sheen ;
We have seen them in their gladness,
All undimm'd by cloud or sadness,
Darting through the shady masses
Of the long and tangled grasses,
In the sunshine of the meadows,
Glancing through the changing shadows
Of the waving green.

With a sudden gush upspringing,
We have heard their laughter ringing,
Clear and wild and free ;
From the spirit's fountain welling,
Of the inner music telling,
Floating, rippling, rising, swelling
In a joyotis glee ;
There was rapture in its trilling,
Wild and musical and thrilling,
And we said within our spirit,
Child-life ! oh, there's heaven near it,

Glory is forever gleaming,
Sunshine is forever streaming,
Where the children be.

Was it well to say forever ?
Is the brow of childhood never
Darkened by a shade ?
Though the light around it gleameth,
And the flood that soul-ward streameth
In its glow a glory seemeth,
May it never fade ?
Is the little life a heaven,
For a living gladness given ?
Is the little heart a prison,
For a radiant elysian,
Where the joy-bells chime forever
And the dancing sunshine never
Blendeth with the shade ?

Are the children never weary ?
Falleth ne'er a shadow dreary
O'er the early life ?
In the haunts of sin and sadness,
In the dens of drunken madness,
Veiled to light and hushed to gladness,
In the Babel-strife.
Where the eye of crime is staring,
And the torch of sin is glaring,
Where the wing of Death is stooping,
And the cloud of woe is drooping,

Falleth ne'er a shadow dreary,
O'er the children, faint and weary
Of the ways of life?

Ah! a sudden cloud comes o'er us,
And a vision steals before us
Of a little child;
Not a merry, elfin creature,
Soul-light sparkling from each feature,
Tiny angel, spirit teacher,
Saint-like, meek and mild;
Not a dainty, little fairy,
With a motion light and airy,
Bounding, springing, gleaming, glancing,
Twinkling feet forever dancing,
Bird-like voice forever singing,
Gushing laugh forever ringing,
Ringing clear and wild!

Ah! there dawns no sunny vision,
Gleam of childhood's blest elysian,
Beautiful and bright,
Mournfully a spirit hushing,
Seals the fount of gladness gushing,
In its voiceless sorrow crushing
Out the summer light;
Here is child-life, holy child-life,
Weary with an olden heart-strife
From the great world's tumult turning,
Ever with a restless yearning,

Little heart in darkness pining,
Pining for the blessed shining,
 Of the pleasant light !

By the tiny hands upraising,
By the earnest, wistful gazing
 Upward to the skies,
By the hidden fount's unsealing,
By the tears unbidden stealing,
By the world of mournful feeling
 In the lifted eyes—
Well we know the angel dreamings,
Floating fancies, golden gleamings,
Other little hearts have cherished,
From this little heart have perished,
Well we know the sinless spirit,
Seeth not the angels near it,
 Bending from the skies.

Child of sorrow, child of sadness,
Banished from the summer gladness,
 Children love so well ;
Not for thee the silver singing
From the country's bosom springing,
Inner light and rapture bringing,
 Not for thee the swell
Of the bird-songs in the meadows,
Warbling through the leafy shadows,
Where the pleasant lands are spreading,
And the rural feet are treading,

Where the purling streams are flowing,
And the berries red are growing,
Children love so well !

Child-life, with its sunshine shaded,
Music fled, and glory faded,
'T is a mournful thing !
Little hearts forever cheerless,
Never beating free and fearless,
Eyes that never sparkle tearless,
Laughs that never ring ;
Little ones with olden sorrows,
Dark to-days and dark to-morrows,
Happy voices never sounding,
Merry footsteps never bounding
Faces wan with sorrow shaded,
All the light of child-life faded,
'T is a mournful thing !

Take the weary children, Father,
When the clouds around them gather,
Let the children rest !
There is sunshine for the saddest,
There is rapture for the gladdest,
Cradled on thy breast,
With the arm of God around them,
Love and light and joy hath crowned them,
Oh, the children ! earth's evangelists !
Sinless teachers, wingless angels,

Since the spotless One caress'd them,
Since the gentle Jesus blest them,
Yes, we call them blest!

BABY HELEN.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

BABY HELEN, softly rest,
Cradled on thy mother's breast,
Close thine eyes and sweetly sleep,
While the angels vigils keep.

Silken lashes drooping low,
Resting on thy warm cheek's glow,
Pouting rose-bud lips apart,
What a dainty thing thou art!

Dimpled hands together prest,
Folded meekly on thy breast,
Oh, so softly falls thy breath,
We could almost dream it—Death !

Baby, tell us of thy dreams,
Are they faint and shadowy gleams ?
Visions of a land more fair ?
Seest thou the angels there ?

Fondly on thy cherub brow,
Lo ! thy mother gazes now,
Lifts to God the fervent prayer,
He may for her darling care.

Little dreamer, free from sin,
Shut from out the great world's din,
When the death-dew chills thy brow,
Mayst thou be as pure as now !

Angels guard thy sinless years,
Jesus charm away thy fears,
Take thee gently by the hand,
Lead thee to the Morning land !

LIFE.

LIFE is not all sunshine, nor all shade,
But hath the touch of each ! Man was not made
To sit in idleness in sylvan bowers,
And dream away the glad, enchanted hours ;
Nor need he walk in darkness while the light
From the clear heaven is shining full and bright—
But let him work, and lift his heart and pray,
And God's own smile shall glorify his way,
And the deep darkness of a rayless night
Shall flee before the Day-star's living light !

LOVE.

Love is a star—a holy star,
That burns with quenchless light,
That shines when clouds the blackest are,
And gilds the darkest night.

Love is a flower—a gentle flower
Of high and holy birth,
That gives its sweetest fragrance forth
When rudely crushed to earth.

EPIGRAM.

WHAT means that stern and awful step ?
That firm, majestic tread ?
Methinks on battle plains 't would thrill
Each warrior-heart with dread ;
The deep foundations rock and move,
It shakes the lofty hall—
Nearer and clearer, yet more near,
The stately steppings fall—
A merry laugh unfolds the *ruse*,
'T is fairy feet in *high-heeled shoes* !

FRIENDSHIP.

Not in the radiant glance alone,
The beaming smile and silvery tone,
Not in the light of a beautiful face,
The bounding step and the form of grace,
Oh, not in these doth the secret dwell,
The high, the holy and wondrous spell,
That binds the heart to a faithful friend,
When kindred spirits together blend !

The soul that gives to the meekest, grace,
A pleasant look to the homely face,
A holy light to the soft, dark eye,
'T is this that strengthens the sacred tie,
'T is this that speaks in the gushing voice,
'T is this that maketh the heart rejoice,
When kindred spirits together blend,
And we learn to trust in a faithful friend.

SONNET.

SPRING FLOWERS.

OH, things most holy ! gracing the young spring,
Gleaming out softly from the dewy grass,
Springing where waves of light and shadow pass,
Dreams of the summer's blessedness ye bring !
Ye breathe of woodlands where the blue-birds sing,
 Of the green meadows' rich and verd'rous mass,
 Of silver trout within the clear stream's glass,
And the wild haunts where sylvan echoes ring ;
Crushed by rude feet, your sweetest odors rise :
 Thus would we meekly bow and kiss the rod,
Read, with pure lips, the language of the skies,
 The lessons printed on the velvet sod,
Learn of the flowers the sweets of sacrifice,
 And give our hearts' best incense unto God !

TO MY FATHER.

THE music of the memory-bells
Comes tinkling soft and low,
And rings unto my heart, to-night,
 The pleasant "Long Ago;"
The golden years are with me now,
My laugh swells wild and free,
I'm sitting, prouder than a queen,
Upon my father's knee.

Still gleam the by-gones, one by one,
Like stars in quiet skies,
The silent dew of thankfulness
Is gathering in mine eyes ;
The thought of all the parent-love,
So full, so deep, so strong,
Subdues and melts my grateful heart,
And moves my soul to song.

My father, thou art still the same,
As in the olden time,
When I was but a tiny girl,
And thou wert in thy prime ;
Thou hast been gentle with thy child,
Through all her wayward years,
Thou hast been faithful to her faults,
And tender to her tears.

Nobly, thy strong, brave heart hath borne,
The pain and toil of life,
Undaunted by the cold world's scorn,
Serene in all the strife ;
Thine is the high and earnest soul,
The courage calm and bold,
The *love* that would lay down the *life*
To guard thy little fold.

Oh nought unto my heart shall be,
The trumpet-tones of fame,
May I but hear my father's lips,
Breathe blessings on my name ;
Sweeter than all the words of praise,
That bid my pulse beat high,
The fond, proud light that beams on me,
From out his clear, blue eye.

Father, I bow my girlish head
Unto thy dear caress,
And my full heart goes out to thee,
In gushing thankfulness.
May He, whose love o'ershadows us,
Guide thee as tenderly,
And deal with thee as kindly here,
As thou hast dealt with me.

THE LAW OF MAINE.

Lo ! the day at length is dawning,
Hail ! O hail ! the welcome light !
Long we 've waited for the morning,
Long hath been the rayless night ;
But the cloud is now withdrawing
From the land we love so well,
And upon the light-wing'd breezes,
Songs of triumph soon shall swell !
Hark ! the Temperance trump is sounding,
Loudly swells the welcome strain,
Brothers ! sisters ! lend your voices—
Hail the noble law of Maine !

Not till Temperance waves her banner
O'er our loved America,
Will we boast our nation's glory,
Will we lift the loud huzza ;
No ! for hearts have struggled bravely,
With a stern and mighty foe,
And a stronger arm than Briton's,
Binds our country even now.
Hark ! the Temperance trump is sounding,
Loudly swells the welcome strain,
Brothers ! sisters ! lend your voices,
Hail the noble law of Maine !

From the hills of fair New England,
To the broad Pacific's shore,
We will sing the song of triumph,
We will tell the story o'er,
How the Rum King long had fettered,
With a firm and iron hand,
Freedom's proud and boasted country,
Freedom's fair and happy land ;
Hark ! the Temperance trump is sounding,
Loudly swells the welcome strain,
Brothers ! sisters ! lend your voices,
Hail the noble law of Maine !

Weeping ones shall weep no longer,
Cheerless homes shall yet rejoice,
Hearts where desolation sitteth,
Yet shall raise a grateful voice
To the Lord of tender mercies,
Who despiseth not the cry,
Lifted by earth's wailing millions,
To the holy throne on high.
Hark ! the Temperance trump is sounding,
Loudly swells the stirring strain,
Brothers ! sisters ! lend your voices,
Hail the noble law of Maine !

ONE GLASS.

“ ‘T IS but one glass !” Beware ! Beware !
Look not upon the rich red wine,
The demon-chains of rum have bound
Full many a heart as brave as thine ;
The brow where genius sat enthroned,
Hath paled beneath the withering blight,
And souls once hopeful as thine own,
Have known a long and starless night.

Beware ! thy fancied strength is vain,
Oh, cherish not the wily foe !
For health ’t will give thee torturing pain,
For peace and virtue voiceless woe !
Dash from thy lips the fatal draught,
A serpent’s folds lie coiled beneath,
'T will wound thee with ten thousand stings
And goad thee on to endless death.

Go to the home where love and hope
Once held their calm and peaceful sway,
Where past the bright unconscious hours,
Glad as a cloudless summer’s day—
Hark ! fearful sounds steal on the breeze,
Deep, bitter curses rend the air,
By all the horrid strife within,
We know the drunkard dwelleth there !

Go view in yonder reeling form,
The man to whom the great have bowed,
Whose words of burning eloquence,
Once held entranced the wondering crowd ;
Mark well the wild and frenzied glance,
The hollow cheek, the glaring eye—
Think'st thou with one convulsive throë,
He laid his noble manhood by ?

The lofty seal of thought once stamped
Its lines upon that massive brow,
Young lips were vocal with his praise,
Lips that would proudly scorn him now ;
And did the mighty statesman fall,
In one dread moment or one day ?
Nay, step by step, and pace by pace,
He came the dark and downward way.

Long years ago he stood with those,
Who bow at Fashion's heartless shrine,
And many a fair, white, jewelled hand,
Held to his lips the sparkling wine ;
Dark, radiant orbs on him were bent,
The young, the beautiful were there,
He heeded not the solemn voice,
That spake the warning word, Beware !

High hopes and brilliant dreams were his,
Joy lit the boundless future up—
Destruction, death, eternal night,
He read not in the glittering cup ;

He saw not then the fearful cloud,
That drew, in awful silence near,
He saw not in the ruby wine
A foe to all his heart held dear.

“ ‘T is but one glass !” with these fell words
He hushed the silent monitor.
Behold him ! oh, how fallen now,
The great and gifted orator !
“ ‘T is but one glass,” the tempter pleads,
Oh, touch it not, or all is o’er,
Again that siren voice will cry,
“ But one glass more, but one glass more !”

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

WHERE are the dreams of other days,
The visions glad and gay ?
The glowing hopes that softly shone
Like stars upon my way ?
Where is the sunny seal of joy
That stamped my girlish brow ?
The rainbow-dreams of early years,
Alas ! where are they now ?

Gone like the morning dew,
Gone like the summer-flowers,

Leaving no cherished joy behind
To gild the starless hours !

Gone like the sunset glow
O'er flashing waters cast,
Gone like the cloudlet's gorgeous tints,
Too bright—too bright to last !

Where are the smiles that woke for me,
Upon my bridal day ?
When love-lit eyes were beaming bright,
And every heart was gay—
Where rests to-night the tender glance
That proudly beamed on me ?
The loved of years—the chosen one—
Oh, tell me ! where is he ?

Go where the tempter's smiles
In brimming goblets shine,
Go where the deathless spirit bows
Before the wine-god's shrine.

Go where the frenzied shout
Steals on the midnight air,
Where sounds of madden'd mirth are heard—
Alas ! he lingers there !

Where is the angel child that came
To cheer my hours of gloom ?
A thing so bright, I fondly hoped
'T would bring the wanderer home !

Methought that to her pleading voice
Her father's heart would bow,
My only one—my beautiful !
Alas ! where is she now ?

Hushed is the bounding step,
Dimmed are the eyes of blue,
The rose upon the velvet cheek
Paled to an ashy hue !

Down in the churchyard now,
She sleeps the dreamless sleep,
The angels o'er her little grave
Their lonely vigils keep.

And thus the dreams of other days
Have faded, one by one,
'Mid the wild wreck of perished hopes,
Oh, must I still live on ?
No golden gleam, no sunny ray,
To gild the path of life,
How wearily the hours pass on,
To me, the drunkard's wife !

Death, thou art welcome now !
Kind Father take me home,
An angel hand is beck'ning me,
I come ! my child, I come !

TEMPERANCE STANZAS.

ALL hail, to the dawn of the beautiful day !
The clouds and the darkness are passing away,
The mists and the shadows are all floating by,
The Temperance star rises high in the sky,
It bursts like a sun from the night's sable pall,
Its splendor shall circle the pathway of all,
Rejoice, noble sons of the Temperance band !
The night is far spent and the day is at hand !

Ye have armed for the struggle, the cause of the right,
Your courage is strong and your armor is bright,
At the wail of the stricken, ye come one and all,
Ye come at the sound of humanity's call,
Ye have risen to conquer, the work must be done,
The foe must be vanquished, the victory won,
A glorious light shall illumine our land,
The night is far spent and the day is at hand !

On ! on, to the battle ! the tyrant must yield,
His death-dealing ranks must be forced from the field,
The peal of the victor, the clarion-shout,
On the clear air of heaven shall ring proudly out,
The forests majestic, the mountain and wave
Shall echo the song of the free and the brave,
Rejoice noble sons of the Temperance band !
The night is far spent and the day is at hand !

Long, long o'er our land, the fell spoiler hath trod,
And spread desolation and anguish abroad,
Man formed in the image and likeness Divine,
Hath bowed to his sceptre and knelt at his shrine,
The hour of his glory and triumph hath past,
The merciless foe is retreating at last,
Rejoice, noble sons of the Temperance band !
The night is far spent and the day is at hand.

The enemy's standard in triumph hath waved,
The storm and the tempest our army hath braved,
When the heavens were veiled in the terrible pall,
And the blackness of midnight was over us all,
There was strength in each purpose, resolve on each
brow,
Ye faltered not then, and ye falter not now !
Rejoice, noble sons of the Temperance band !
The night is far spent and the day is at hand !

Rejoice, ye that mourn ! all ye weary rejoice !
To the Father of mercies lift up a glad voice,
From the desolate dwelling an altar shall rise,
The song of thanksgiving ascend to the skies,
E'en now the night fades, and the cloud is withdrawn,
Praise God for the light of the glorious dawn !
Peace ! peace to the homes of our beautiful land,
The night is far spent and the day is at hand !

WE MUST FIGHT THE BATTLE OVER.

WE must fight the battle over,
Rise! ye tried and gallant few,
Pledged for aye to truth and freedom,
Gird your armor on anew!
Sound the trump! unfurl the banner!
Proudly let the standard wave!
“Born to conquer,” is our motto—
Motto of the true and brave.

Brothers! freemen! would ye triumph,
Would ye burst the galling chain,
Would ye crush the foe forever,
Would ye have the law of Maine?
Ye must fight the battle over,
Ye must rise to fall no more,
Armed and girded for the struggle,
Firmer, stronger than before!

By the spreading desolation,
By the dark and fearful blight,
Shrouding our beloved nation,
In one long and starless night—
By the tears, the groans, the wailings,
In the demon’s deadly train,
We have pledged ourselves to conquer,
Sworn to have the law of Maine!

Though the foe again hath triumphed,
Shall we settle tamely down?
Nay! by all that's pure and holy,
We will wear the victor's crown!
We will form our brave battalions,
We will rally—not in vain—
We will fight the battle over,
We will have the law of Maine!

THE TEMPERANCE JUBILEE

Composed for, and sung, at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary,
April 13th, 1858.

WITH swelling songs of grateful praise
We greet this festal morn,
And hail the day when Temperance,
The holy thing, was born;
The bright earth wore a gladder smile,
The skies a purer glow,
When came the blessing to our world
Just fifty years ago.

CHORUS:

Come let our choral strains ring out,
Swell high the gushing glee,
All hail! with stirring song, and shout
The Temperance Jubilee!

Well may our hearts beat high to-day,
Well may our songs arise,
Our voices, in one hymn of praise,
Peal to the vaulted skies ;
A glad shout woke the distant spheres
And angels smiled we know,
When Temp'rance dawned upon our world
Just fifty years ago.

CHORUS:

Come let our choral strains ring out,
Swell high the gushing glee,
All hail ! with stirring song, and shout
The Temperance Jubilee !

Hail ! to the joyous festal day !
Hail, to the noble band,
Whose watching eyes first saw the light
That shines o'er all the land !
God bless this day, the mighty few,
The brave men of Moreau
Who framed the consecrated PLEDGE
Just fifty years ago !

CHORUS:

Come let our choral strains ring out,
Swell high the gushing glee,
All hail ! with stirring song, and shout
The Temperance Jubilee !

“HALF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.”

A POEM,

Written for the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the “Temperance Society of Moreau and Northumberland,” April 13, 1858.

WHEN the silver trump of Freedom
Through Columbia’s spirit thrills,
And the deep roar of her cannon
Thunders o’er the sunrise hills,
Bells ring in the purple morning,
Banners woo the whispering breeze,
Clear and sweet the sound of laughter
Ripples o’er the summer seas.
To the list’ning skies ascending,
Swells the birth-song of the free,
And a million voices blending,
Hail the nation’s Jubilee !

Not to strains of martial music,
Not with shouts of stirring cheer,
Chime of bells and peal of bugles,
Have we met exulting here !
Not to sing how Freedom’s Angel
'Mid the storm of battle came,
Waving his proud wing triumphant,
O'er the burning billows' flame ;
But to tell the grateful story,
While our hearts within us glow,

How there came a kindred glory,
Half a hundred years ago.

'T was the time when o'er the nation
 Hung a black and fearful pall,
And the wing of desolation
 Brooded darkly over all,
When the plaintive wail of anguish
 Drowned the ringing voice of mirth,
And the glowing embers smouldered
 On the lonely cottage hearth,
When the high-born spirit worshipped
 At the Tempter's fatal shrine,
And the fire of Genius faded,
 Quenched within the sparkling wine,
And the eye grew dim and sunken,
 And the firm, proud step grew slow,
Ere there came a saving Angel,
 Half a hundred years ago.

There were tears and bitter wailings,
 There were groans that pierced the skies,
And through all the land the weary
 Lifted up their swimming eyes.
Childhood's heart, the pure and tender,
 Shuddered 'neath a father's frown,
And the patient soul of woman
 To the storm bent moaning down.
Mighty men, the great and gifted,
 Groaned beneath the fiery chain,

'Neath the Rum-King's flaming fetter,
 Burning into soul and brain,
Then the vestal fires of Freedom,
 Faded from our virgin strand,
Deeper grew the sunless shadow—
 It was midnight in the land !

Oh, 't was beautiful, 't was holy,
 When the faint and feeble light
Twinkled dimly through the darkness
 Of the wild and starless night.
And the eyes all weary watching
 Through the long and lonely years,
Saw the mellow morning twilight
 Through a mist of happy tears ;
Like the birth-star of the Saviour,
 Very still and soft it came,
Lighting up earth's mournful places
 With its pure, celestial flame,
Shining o'er the cheerless hearth-stone,
 Giving back the olden glow,
To the pleasant cottage fire-light,
 Half a hundred years ago.

Where the shapes of hell were wreathing
 Round the lost, despairing soul,
In the Babel dens of madness,
 Even there the glory stole.
And there came a dewy softness,

O'er the wild and glaring eye,
And the burning brow grew peaceful,
With a purpose calm and high ;
Then the daring hand uplifted,
Sheathed the reeking blade of Crime,
And the saved went out to conquer,
Girded with a strength sublime.

In the drooping soul of woman,
'Neath its weight of anguish bowed,
Hope unfurled her glowing pinion,
Like the rainbow in the cloud,
And she watched the sweet revealing
Breathless, with her lips apart,
Till the morning-star of gladness
Dawned within her sinking heart.
And the deep praise of her spirit,
Into grateful song did flow,
For this Angel of her household,
Half a hundred years ago.

Weary children saw the sunshine
Breaking through the leaden skies,
And the laughing light stole sparkling
To the mild, beseeching eyes ;
O'er the tiny forms that shivered,
In the blighting, chilling cold,
Warm and beautiful it quivered,
Turning all the gloom to gold,
Sweeter than the music swelling

From the princely palace dome,
Rang the voices of the children,
In the ransomed drunkard's home.

Oh, the Pledge ! what blessings crowned it !
There was joy where'er it fell,
Guiding to the gushing fountain,
Where the crystal waters well—
Turning midnight into morning,
Hushing down the raging storm,
Giving health, and grace, and vigor,
To the bowed and reeling form,
Mingling music with the murmur,
Of the streams that cool did flow,
For the healing of the nations,
Half a hundred years ago.

Hail ! thou glad, primeval glory,
Beacon of the drunkard's soul,
Watch-light on the lurid ocean
Where the waves of ruin roll !
Hail ! thou star of Temp'rance, gleaming
Through the clouded spirit's haze,
And the feet of Error guiding
Into Wisdom's pleasant ways.
Oh, what hope for mourning households
Twinkled in thine early glow,
Blushing to a living splendor,
Half a hundred years ago !

What, though gath’ring gloom and darkness
From our skies the sun would blot,
Yet the firm faith stands unshaken,
And the brave heart falters not.
By the glowing heavens o'er us,
By the Day-spring shining still,
We shall swell the victor’s chorus,
Till the answering stars shall thrill,
Conquest waits us in the future,
There’s a prouder crown to win,
We will force the gates of Triumph,
We will enter boldly in.

Lo ! the skies are bright with promise,
Clear the day shall break at last,
In the beautiful hereafter
We shall glory in the past.
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Peace shall bless our favored strand,
When the sun of Prohibition
Floods with cloudless light the land.
We who thank the great All-Father,
For the sunshine and the rain,
Then, from our full hearts, shall praise Him,
For the righteous Law of Maine !

Yea ! though clouds have gathered o'er us,
Sometimes shutting out the ray
Radiant with the holy promise
Of the full resplendent day,

Well we know the hope of millions
Rose to shine triumphant then,
Kindled by the living purpose
In the hearts of mighty men !
Sisters ! from our blended spirits
Let the tide of blessing pour,
In one grateful shower descending
On the gallant band of yore.
Blessed be the primal fathers,
Blessed be our own Moreau,
Where the light began to glimmer
Half a hundred years ago !

We will here *renew* the promise !
Pass around the PLEDGE again !
While we lift our thankful voices
In one clear, exulting strain !
Let the bells of gladness ringing
Sweetly peal to distant lands.
Break ! ye mountains, into singing,
And ye green hills clap your hands !
Shout aloud the thrilling story,
Till the far-off nations know,
How there dawned a day of glory,
Half a hundred years ago !

INDEPENDENCE,

Written for the Celebration of the National Anniversary at Fort
Edward, July 3d, 1858.

WITH music's strains and cannon's roar,
And glowing stars and stripes unfurled,
The children of the fairest shore,
The proudest land in all the world,
We gather in thy lofty name,
Beneath thy skies, Oh Liberty !
And echoing song and shout proclaim
It is the *birthday* of the Free !

The everlasting hills rejoice
And spread their green arms to the sky,
The nation lifts her mighty voice,
A million hearts are throbbing high.
The pulse of youth beats full and fast,
And hoary age grows young again,
While quivering with the storied past,
Ascends the glorious, natal strain.

Aye, many a grave and reverend sire,
Whose locks are silvered o'er with gray,
Feels in his heart the olden fire,
And grows a hale, young man to-day ;
And many a fair-haired, blooming boy,
His full soul "sparkling in his eye,"

Joins in the universal joy,
And hurls his tiny hat on high.

A wave of music floods the land,
The summer air grows sweet with song,
While here, on freedom's soil, we stand,
And glad huzzas ring loud and long ;
Where rose of old the trumpet's sound,
And dark the cloud of battle lay,
On fair Fort Edward's storied ground,
We hail this proud, triumphant day.

'T is meet for us to gather here,
Where once bright bannered armies stood,
And brave hearts throbbed with lofty cheers,
And freely shed their sacred blood.
O'er towering hill and forest glen,
Hung redly down a cloud of flame,
And marshalled hosts of gallant men,
Went forth in Freedom's holy name.

The fearful conflict's deepening roar,
The lurid war-cloud's fiery gleam,
Have faded from the pleasant shore,
Where the blue Hudson winds its stream ;
Bathed in the sun-light's golden sheen,
O'ershadowed by the bending skies,
Imbosomed in her hills of green,
The rural village peaceful lies.

Tall churches lift their slender spires
And point the weary pilgrim home,
And where the wild war wreathed its fires,
Proud Science rears her stately dome ;
There many a bold, high-hearted youth,
With treasures rich his mind shall freight,
Learn how to wield the sword of truth,
And guide the noble ship of state.

Where, in their might, the millions woke
To the loud trumpet's clarion-peal,
And the fierce storm of battle broke,
And rose the sound of clashing steel.
Melodious on the clear air swells
The happy music of the free,
The silver chime of ringing bells,
And childhood's voice of gushing glee.

Mid the glad peal of loud huzzas,
And songs that reach the skies to-day,
A hush comes o'er our hearts, we pause—
And mourn the fate of Jane McCrea.
The soft wind rustles on the hill,
And whispers in the sylvan dell,
The waters flash and murmur still,
Where she, the Scottish maiden fell.

Through all the long, warm summer hours,
The blue birds in the branches sing,
And little children gather flowers,
Beside that clear and sparkling spring.

Aye, hushed hath grown each warlike sound,
And all the scenes of strife have fled,
And yet we call this holy ground,
On which with reverent feet we tread.

Awed by the consecrated past,
Through the dim years we look away
We hear the signal bugle's blast,
And live those olden years to-day.
A holy flame glows in each soul,
As when of yore went o'er the sea,
Majestic as an anthem's roll,
The DECLARATION of the FREE !

Oh, Liberty ! thou blessing bought
With dying patriot's blood and groans,
Thou glorious work of triumph wrought
In orphans' tears and widows' moans ;
Unholy hands profane the prize,
The victor's crown so dearly won,
A shadow veils thy radiant skies,
A spot is on thy sacred sun !

Yea, in this pleasant land of ours,
Where warmly shines the summer light,
Where bloom the gorgeous, tropic flowers,
And glitter birds of plumage bright,
There on the soil our fathers trod,
The slave groans 'neath the fearful ban,
There, man the "noblest work of God,"
Hath *bought* and *sold* his brother man !

Spirit of Freedom ! shalt thou droop
Forever thus, a fettered thing ?
And shall our own proud eagle stoop
With dimming eye and shattered wing ?
Nay ! by our stars and stripes unfurled,
This favored land of ours shall be,
A beacon-light to guide the world,
The glorious home where *all* are FREE !

TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER ! the dearest word of all
That human lips have learned to say,
Whose tones of silver sweetness fall,
Like music, on my heart to-day ;
How beautiful the changeless love,
The pure, the patient, steady flame,
The warm light kindled from above,
That glorifies that sacred name !

Mother, it was thy guiding hand
That led me, oh, so tenderly !
Up the green hills of that fair land,
Where childhood's pleasant pastures be ;
When clouds came o'er the purple skies,
And shadows o'er my spirit stole,
The pitying light of thy soft eyes,
Gave back the sunshine to my soul.

Cradled within thy clasping arms,
And folded to thy faithful breast,
It was thy gentle voice whose charms
Lulled all my troubled heart's unrest ;
In the dark hour when sickness came,
And wildly throbbed my burning brain,
Thy cool hand quenched the fever's flame,
And soothed away the weary pain.

Full many a thread of silver now,
Is gleaming in thy glossy hair,
Ah ! time hath touched thy placid brow
And left faint lines of sadness there.
Yet by the tears that sometimes start,
When thou thy wayward child doth bless,
Mother, I know thy warm, true heart
Throbs with its olden tenderness.

The fount still gushes full and free,
The old smile lights thy patient face,
And the dear arms that cradled me
Still fold me in their fond embrace ;
And now, as in the early years,
I turn me, like a weary dove,
From all life's bitterness, and tears,
Unto thy safe and sheltering love.

They say a tie, more holy still,
Will sometime lure me from thy side,
When all the *daughter's* soul shall thrill
With the full rapture of the *bride* ;

But though our flock should scattered be,
Though from the fold my feet may roam,
My deepest heart will cling to thee,
The guardian angel of our home.

Mother, once more, thy sacred name,
With hushed and reverent lips I speak,
A sweet joy trembles through my frame,
My spirit bows, and words grow weak ;
But thou canst read my glowing face,
Thou knowest all my heart so well,
And there thy watching eyes shall trace
The love these lips may never tell.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

DEDICATED TO THE LADIES' MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.

PLACE to our Country's heart more dear
Than all beneath the sun !
What fond affections cluster round
The Home of Washington !
The trees he loved are sacred trees,
The paths he used to tread
Are voiceful, with a thousand tones
That whisper of the dead.

Oh ! who shall claim the cherished spot—
The chamber where he died ?

The consecrated place where sleeps
A nation's love and pride?
What grateful hand shall train the vines
That grace the homestead-bowers?
And whose shall be the precious right
To wreath his tomb with flowers?

'T is Woman's clear and thrilling voice,
Makes blessed answer now,
A loving light is in her eye
Resolve is on her brow:
"The peace that crowns our cottage homes
His fearless courage won;
We, in our tenderness, will guard
The tomb of Washington."

Yea, let the glorious work be ours,
And ours the holy trust—
To hallowed keep the hero's home,
And guard his sacred dust.
Arise, ye daughters of our land,
The proudest 'neath the sun,
Arise! and join us, *all* who love
The name of WASHINGTON!

LURA A. BOIES.

Moreau, Oct. 18, 1858.

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